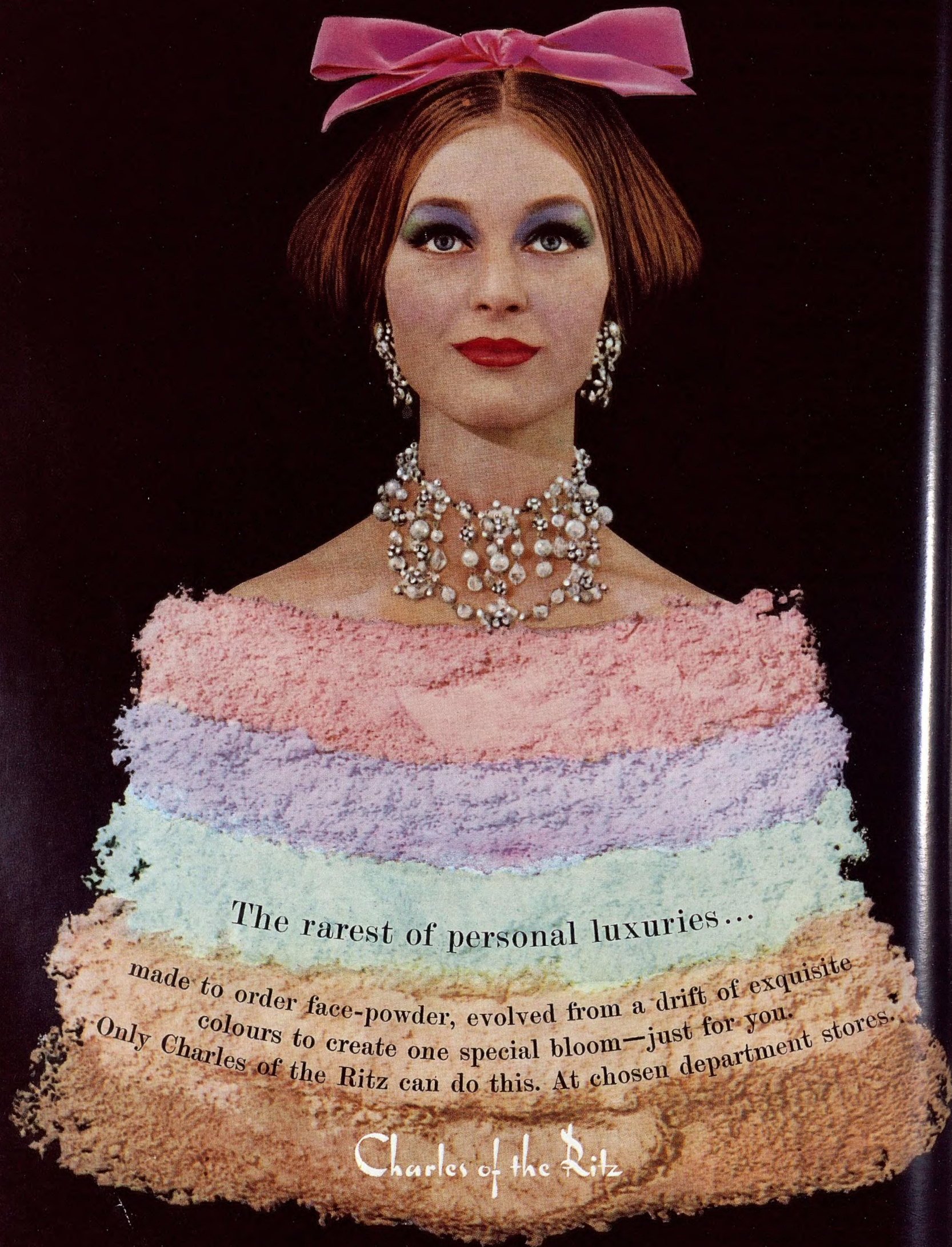




THE **Tattler**

& Bystander 2s. weekly 26 April 1961

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TOMORROW'S TREASURES
TODAY'S MYSTIFIERS

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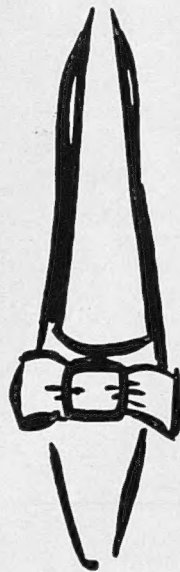
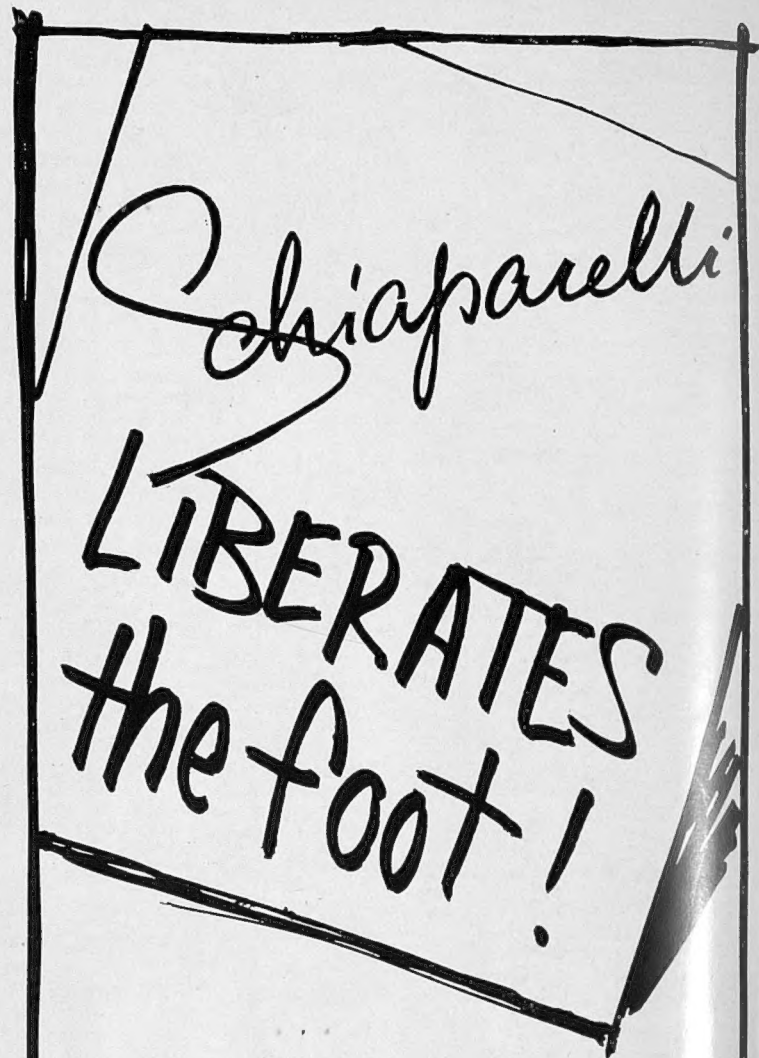


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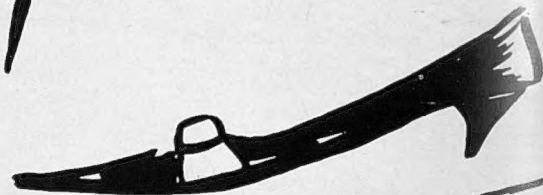
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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXL Number 3113

26 APRIL 1961

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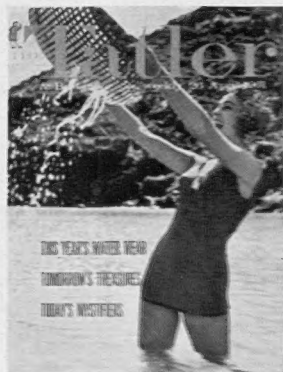
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TWO SIDES OF TOMORROW

PERHAPS it's a reflection of The Tatler's widened appeal that William Morris and Major Yuri Gagarin both inspire features in this issue. The two could hardly be farther apart: Morris, with his medieval hankerings, and the Russian Gagarin with his delving into space. Morris's work is having a commemorative exhibition at the Victoria & Albert and, now that the handicraft movement he founded has faded rather than flourished and the machine tools have become more dominant than even he foresaw, it seems a good moment to ask where the antiques of tomorrow will come from? Robert Wraight conducts this dip into the future in *Tomorrow's treasures* (page 214). . . . The other look forward had better be left to explain itself. It's on page 211 and it's called *Next chapters in the space story*. . . .

John Baker White varies his formula this week and writes a short article on how to avoid disappointment when choosing where to go for a meal out (page 206). . . . Gordon Wilkins has some intriguing motoring news (page 248). . . . And Pamela Vandyke Price is back with another of her sharp commentaries on contemporary mystifications (page 218).

The cover:



Swimsuits '61 begins here and continues on page 227, with a full fashion section on this year's costumes. The cover specimen, photographed by MICHAEL DUNNE in Hongkong, is an knitted Helanca and comes from the inimitable American collection of Rose Marie Reid. Lined and fitting like a glove, it is also available in black or Cambray ((20 gms. at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.I., and Kendal Milne, Manchester))

Next week: For the State visit to Rome, an Italian number. . . .

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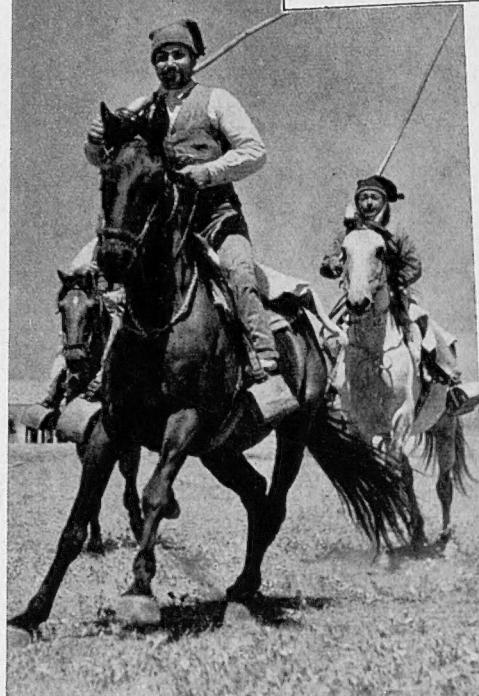


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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Royal world première of "The Guns of Navarone" to be attended by the Queen and Prince Philip, tomorrow at the Odeon, Leicester Square, in aid of The Edwina Mountbatten Trust. Tickets: telephone Wm 8963.

The Cygnets Ball, tomorrow, at Claridge's.

All Ireland Hunter Trials, 27 to 28 April, at Castletown, Celbridge, Co. Kildare.

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition Private View, 28 April, at Burlington House (Exhibition opens 29 April.)

Greyhound Grand National, 29 April, White City.

Point-to-points (29 April): Bicester & Warden Hill at Kimble, Blankney at Boothby Graffoe, Chiddingfold Farmers at Peper Harow, Clifton-on-Teme at Horsham, Craven Farmers at Lockinge, Easton Harriers at Hasketon, Enfield Chace at Enfield, Fernie at Dingley, Llangeinor at Pellyn, Mendip Farmers at Nedge, Meynell at Aston-on-Trent, Pendle Forest & Craven Harriers at Sawley, Sinnington at Oswaldkirk, S. Devon at Forches Cross, Southdown at Ringmer, S. Shropshire at Eyton-on-Severn, Wilton at Bradbury Rings.

The Pilgrims Dinner, 2 May, at the Savoy. Mr. David Bruce will be guest of honour.

Queen Charlotte's Ball, 2 May, at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Association of Friends of Queen Charlotte's and Chelsea Hospitals.

May Fair, 3 May, 11 a.m. to 8 p.m., at Londonderry House in aid of the United Charities.

Red Hat Ball, 4 May, at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Christ Church United Clubs, Kennington. Tickets: £2 10s; from Mrs. Christopher Staughton, 11 Wilton Street, S.W.1. BEL 5791.

ART

The Italian Scene (drawings by Vanvitelli, Agnew's, 43 Old Bond St., W.1., to 6 May.

Annigoni retrospective exhibition, Federation of British Artists Gallery, Suffolk St., Pall Mall, to 3 June.

Old Dutch & Flemish Masters, Alfred Brod Gallery, Sackville St., Piccadilly, to 6 May.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat racing: Newmarket, today & tomorrow; Catterick Bridge, today; Hurst Park, Redcar, 28, 29; Warwick, 29; Lanark, 29 April, 1 May; Nottingham, 1; Chester, 2, 3 May.

Steeplechases: Fontwell Park, today; Perth Hunt, today & tomorrow; Uttoxeter, 27; Bangor-on-Dee, Stratford-on-Avon, 29; Hexham, 29 April, 1 May; Wye, 1 May.

RUGBY

Middlesex Seven-a-Side Final, Twickenham, 29 April.

CRICKET

Worcestershire v. Australians, Worcester, 29 April, 1, 2 May.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Rigoletto*, tonight, 29 April, 1 May; *Peter Grimes*, 28 April, 3 May. 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 7.30 p.m. 27 April; *Giselle*, 2.15 p.m., 29 April; *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, 7.30 p.m., 2 May.

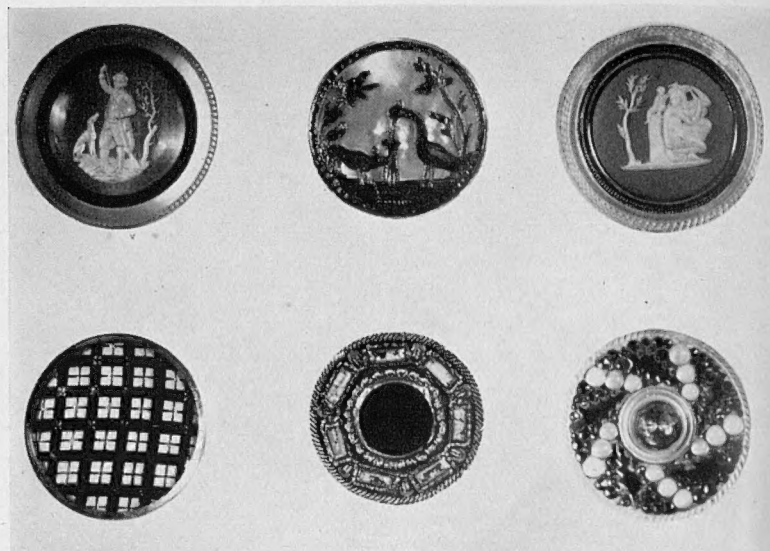
Sadler's Wells. New Opera Company Season. *Volpone*, tonight & 29 April; *The Prisoner*, *L'Heure Espagnole*, 27, 28 April. (TER 1672/3.)

EXHIBITIONS

Engineering Exhibition, Olympia, to 4 May.

Designs For A Decade, 1951-1961, Design Centre, Haymarket, to 13 May.

Food & Wine, exhibition of rare &



A sale of buttons—their first—is to take place at Sotheby's on 1 May. They come from the collection of the Duc de Meppem, and collectors are expected to bid keenly for such rarities as those illustrated above (all from sets). First row: Sulphide portrait medallion; Aesop's Fables in silver; Wedgwood on pale blue ground. Second row: Chequer pattern verre fixé; gold thread on a woven ground; simulated mosaic in gems & steel

current books on the subject. National Book League, Albemarle St., W.1., to 12 May.

GARDENS

29 April. Open 11-7 p.m. LONDON. Sarum Chase, West Heath Rd. Hampstead; HANTS. Chineham House, nr. Basingstoke. SURREY. Ramster, Chiddingfold. **30 April**. Open 2-7 p.m. LONDON. Walpole House, Chiswick Mall. BUCKS. Ascott, Wing; ESSEX. Saling Hall, nr. Braintree; Shortgrove, Newport, nr. Saffron Walden; HANTS. Upton Manor, nr. Andover; HERTS. The Hyde, nr. Harpenden; KENT. Friars, Matfield, nr. Tunbridge Wells; The Grange, Benenden; Ladhams House, Goudhurst; SURREY. Ramster, Chiddingfold; Coverwood, Ewhurst, nr. Guildford; Westcroft Park, Chobham; Woodham Grange, Horsell, nr. Woking; SUSSEX. Broomhall, nr. Horsham; Halnaker Park, nr. Chichester.

FESTIVALS

Pitlochry Drama Festival, Perthshire, to 30 September.

Southwark Shakespeare Festival, to 6 May.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 236.

The Rehearsal. "Much the cleverest play in London and, I think the most exciting . . . quite extraordinary technical skill . . . understandingly directed." Alan Badel, Maggie Smith, Phyllis Catterall. (Globe Theatre, GER 1592.)

King Kong. "... a piece of naïve but vital indigenous art put across with a most endearing vigour." Nathan Middledy, Peggy Phango, Joe Mogotsi. (Prince's Theatre, TEM 6596.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 237.

G.R. = General release
The Facts Of Life. "A pleasing, mild comedy of marital infidelity . . . Mr. Bob Hope plays a straight part very nearly dead straight, and Miss Lucille Ball returns to the cinema with her charm undiminished." G.R.

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GOING PLACES TO EAT

Some reasons why

John Baker White

I HAVE A FRIEND WHO HAS A HIGH appreciation of good meat but dismisses all French and Italian cooking as "messed-up stuff." Another is immovable in his belief that no good white wine comes out of Bordeaux. A third is miserable in a restaurant that has less than one hundred people in it. A fourth is happy only in the cloistered quiet of Boulestin and the Edwardian splendour of the Grill Room at the Café Royal.

What then is the writer on wine, food and restaurants to do? He must be a faithful reporter and avoid philosophy, not falling into the snare of over-enthusiasm when he himself has had a particularly enjoyable evening. But it is impossible for him to say what is a *perfect* restaurant. I refuse always to answer the question "where is the best food in London." What is *best*?

It is much easier to classify the virtues of restaurants. Few, for example, will dispute the elegance of *La Reserve*, the *Connaught*, or the *Mirabelle*, where the amiable surroundings are married to fine food and wines and good service. There are a number of small restaurants, also, where the comfort and ambience is of a high

order. I have in mind such as the *Marquis*, the *Bridge*, *Chez Luba*, and the *George & Dragon*.

Another question posed by countrymen up in London and visitors from France, Belgium and America is "Where can I get really first-class meat?" This is much easier to tackle. Without arranging them in order of merit my reply would be *Simpsons in the Strand*, the *Shorthorn*, the *Seven Stars*, the *Paramount Grill*, the *Rib Room*, the *Carvery*, the *Peter Evans* steak houses, and *Massey's Chop House*.

When it comes to fish London has some of the best restaurants in the world in *Prunier*, *Overtons* and the *Wheeler* group. I am told that the best fish chefs in Britain include several Chinese, but the fish buyers must also be men of high skill—though I have yet to find one who can tell me why the soles caught off the Belgian coast have the best flavour. For their special sole dishes the *Pastoria* and the *Grosvenor House Grill Room* have, deservedly, a high reputation.

Another, and highly proper, question any writer on restaurants is asked from time to time is: "I'm taking a charming and pretty woman in her forties out to dinner. Where ought we to go?" Four names



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Head carver Mr. Wood serves guests from the trolley at *Simpsons in the Strand*

I would give without hesitation, and with such happy experience as I have been fortunate enough to have, would be *Maison Basque*, the *Knightsbridge Grille*, *La Belle Me-*

nière, and *Le Jardin des Gourmets*. For the young who want to be gay without spending too much money, my advice would be the *Fifty Five*,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 245

GOING PLACES LATE

Working to a deadline

Douglas Sutherland

HOW LATE IS LATE? I HAVE NEVER discovered the real answer to this conundrum except the pedantic one that after midnight "late" becomes early. In America the *Late Show* on television has long been superseded by the *Late, Late Show* and now (presumably for insomniacs only) by the *Late, Late, Late Show* which allows for a whole five minutes shut-eye before breakfast. In Britain opinion on the subject appears to be even more sharply divided as I discovered recently when I tried going places late in the Royal Borough of Kensington. In neighbouring Chelsea and Westminster you will find late nighting a-plenty, but in aloof Kensington the witching hour is midnight with precious little going on after 11 o'clock—though by strange contradiction to this apparent Grundyism, afternoon drinking clubs abound.

A few years back I would have

agreed that much of Kensington's genteel charm would have been spoiled by the granting of late night drinking licences. But now with the London Air Terminal in its midst, a vast and increasing hotel population and the ever-encroaching tide of residential and business blocks the position is rather different. At least one management is alive to these changed circumstances. I refer to what in my opinion is one of the best all-night restaurants in the whole of London. It flourishes in that erstwhile monument to Victorianism, the *Kensington Palace Hotel*, and, though maintained primarily for air passengers and crews on an overnight stop, is becoming increasingly popular with Kensington residents and others in search of something to eat really late. Supper is served from 10.30 p.m. until 7 a.m. and the special *à la carte* menu costs only 9s. 6d. Drinks can

be served to non-residents only up to midnight with half an hour's "drink-up" time, but of course residents can wash down anything from steak to grilled kippers until any hour they like.

It's probably safer though to regard "late" in the Royal Borough as around 12 and shortly thereafter. Given that deadline, there are still a few places to attract. Right in the heart of Kensington, for example, in Queen's Gate, is the most imaginative and deservedly successful venture for many a year. The *Elizabethan Room* at the *Gore Hotel* has probably earned more dollars for Britain than any night spot in London and continues to prove a draw for overseas visitors and natives alike. The lavish nightly reproduction of an Elizabethan banquet complete with mead, clay pipes, serving wenches and every Tudor delicacy has been too widely publicized for me to do more than mention it. Meals can be ordered up to 10.30 and the inclusive charge for a traditionally served feast with as much food and drink as you can consume in the time is 50s. a head.

Along Kensington High Street the *Sombrero* provides eating and

dancing up to West End standards in their downstairs restaurant at less than West End prices. Here again the close season for drinking with your dinner sets in at midnight. Finally a phenomenon I came across round the corner in the Earl's Court Road. It is a small but wildly successful club called *L'Echelle* in a basement room. Fighting my way across the smoke laden, packed floor in the direction of the bar I thought I had discovered an oasis in the arid post-midnight desert. Alas, the bar only served coffee and Cokes.

Cabaret calendar

Quaglino's (WHI 6767) *Cyril Fletcher Talk of the Town* (REG 5051) *Lena Horne and resident company Colony* (MAY 1637) *Hutch Pigalle* (REG 6423) *Tony Bennett Blue Angel* (MAY 1443) *Tessie O'Shea and Los Valdermosas Savoy* (TEM 4343) *Senor Wences, ventriloquist, and supporting bill Embassy* (HYD 5275) *Martinière, Mexican dancer, and supporting bill Astor* (GRO 3181) *Sonny Teale & Co. Society* (REG 0365) *Yvonne Constant, French singer*

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GOING PLACES ABROAD

Island for island

Doone Beal

TO CHRONICLE EVEN THE GREEK islands would take a weighty catalogue, let alone any attempt to discuss the rest of the Mediterranean. Nevertheless, so many people write to ask about them that I offer here a brief résumé of some of the ones I know. An interesting *hors d'oeuvres* of the Greek islands can be enjoyed in one of the five-day cruises which operate from Piraeus and take in Rhodes, Crete, Kos, Patmos, Delos and Myconos. Yugoslav coastal steamers ply the Dalmatian archipelago including the enchanting island of Raab, and the Lipari islands can be explored in summer by hydrofoil boats from Messina, in Sicily. For any of these, though, a private yacht is so much the best way that I exclude them from the present chapter and concentrate instead on the islands that are resorts as such.

Majorca, with its cheap night flights (under £30 return) and its glorious beaches when you get there, is almost too hot a favourite for some people's taste and many hotels here are booked solid until October. Not that this need deter; it is extremely good for late holidays, and has an equally lovely spring. Nearest approach to a hideaway on Majorca is the east coast at Cala d'Or, near one of the island's best beaches. Nicest hotel is the small Miravista, with the El Tàmpic second choice and, for solitary luxury, the Formentor Hotel. Formentor (which like Cala d'Or has beaches of Caribbean standards). Thirty minutes' drive from Palma, the Bendinat has good rock swimming and a great effort has been made to keep this large hotel quiet and secluded within itself.

Malta has great plans for full-scale resort life, and the Côte D'Or Hotel on Golden Bay has recently been extended and generally smartened up to first-class level; the other good hotel is the Phoenicia, in Valetta itself. Malta has the advantage of being small enough to drive from one end to the other in less than an hour, it has some goodish beaches and also a big certain-sunshine quota. This island, too, is good for late holidays, but could be rather overpoweringly hot through mid-July and August to all but true sun-lizards. For rock-bottom simplicity, I liked its even smaller neighbour, **Gozo**, about an hour away by ferryboat.

Elba has beauty, some good beaches and a certain ruggedness that matches the Tuscan mainland. It has some of the best underwater fishing, and its mountains are cool

enough for one to positively enjoy climbing the last bit, having driven most of the way up. Life in general is simple, and tends toward the robust rather than the languorous. The big resort hotel is the Iselba at Marino di Campo, but there is a variety of smaller ones. Procchio is a pleasant little resort, Porto Azzuro and Porto Ferraio two pretty harbour towns. A car is especially worth its while in Elba. If you haven't brought your own, hire one either in Pisa or Rome and ship it across, rather than negotiate with a local garage.

Ischia is altogether different. A few years ago it was the undiscovered sister of the more sophisticated Capri. Now it is a hive of chic little boutiques and numerous nightclub/bars where, albeit among the fishnets and the wine barrels, one can pay all of 12s. 6d. for a coffee and brandy. Outside its resorts the island is virtually one great vineyard, all trailing vines, stone walls, whitewashed houses and squat fig trees.

Lacco Ameno comes as rather a shock with its luxury hotels (the Regina Isabella and the Reginella), which are expensive, heavily marbled and rather pompous in their context. Porto D'Ischia, where one arrives by boat or hydrofoil from Naples, is more in character, though its village has overgrown into quite a sizeable resort. It has one of the island's few pale, sandy beaches and I noted a delightful *pensione*, the Corallo. For me, there would be a time limit on Ischia as such, but its proximity to Naples and the Amalfitan peninsula commends it as a useful first base for a holiday.

Both **Sicily** and **Sardinia** are almost too big to be considered as islands at all, and they are totally different from each other. For beach life, Sardinia wins easily; it has some completely virgin beaches of flat, pale sand and is magnificent country through which to motor. Lose no time in booking for any of the three best hotels on the island; the Is Morus, at Santa Margherita, and the El Pharo and the Pini, both just north of Alghero. For touring, the chain of Jolly and E.S.I.T. hotels provide adequate accommodation. B.E.A. fly direct to Alghero, or you can ship your car from the mainland just north of Rome to the Sardinian port of Olbia.

Sicily, on the other hand, offers more to see than Sardinia. For example the Greek temples at Agrigento, Segesta and Selinunte, and the ancient theatre at Syracuse. And as an urban base, though close



J. ALLAN CASH

Ischia: a Mediterranean island of contrasts

to the little resort of Mondello, Palermo is more interesting—much—than either of the Sardinian cities, but choose your time carefully; the city life is really too hot to enjoy between July and September.

Of the Greek islands, **Rhodes** and **Corfu** are the two chief resorts, and both are linked by direct flights with Athens. Rhodes, southernmost of all, looks across to the lovely grape-blue bulk of the Turkish coast. It is bleached, sun-baked, fascinating archaeologically for its two ancient cities of Lindos and Kamiros as well as for the old quarter of Rhodes itself, with its remains of the long Turkish occupation as well as the Crusades.

It is not remarkable for its beaches but the Miramare hotel, with a series of attractive *cabanas*, is on the best of them. Purely personal prejudice weighs in favour of Corfu; it is one of the lushest and loveliest of all the Mediterranean islands, combining a classically beautiful coast with a rugged

interior that reminded me of inland Provence. Since I was there, two new hotels have been built; the Miramare, which, like that in Rhodes, is a complex of *cabanas* centered around the hotel, and the Xenia, which overlooks Mouse Island and has one of the most beautiful situations possible.

For absolutely simple living and glorious swimming, Paleokastritsa, with two second-class hotels and a solitary fishermen's cafe, could fill the bill admirably. At the other end of the scale, the Mimbelli Palace at Dassia has retained the atmosphere of the country mansion from which it was converted, and their own transport takes you down to the nearby beach, pebbled but with superbly clear water. To reach the best of Corfu's beaches, and explore the hairpin roads that encircle the mountains, a car is virtually an essential. The new ferry from Brindisi, coupled with the train ferry to Milan, makes taking your own a practical proposition.



Talking
of furs
brings
you to

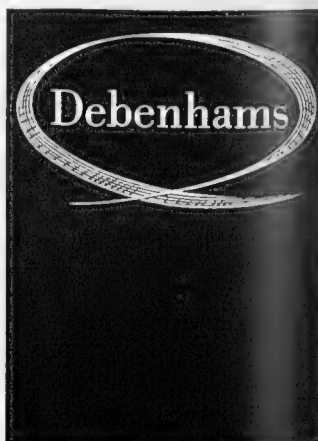


Lanvin Castillo furs are exclusive to

We chose this in Paris—a magnificent example of Castillo's horizontal working in Tourmaline mutation mink.

Just one example from the superb selection of Lanvin Castillo furs, the whole collection exclusive to Debenhams.

Photographed in Paris by Peter Clark especially for Debenhams





THE TATLER 26 APRIL 1961



FOR readers who find that the early years of the conquest of space are dragging a bit The Tatler's special correspondent (so special that he reports things before they happen) fills in the next thrilling

instalments, complete with photographs taken by a process well outside Jodrell Bank's range

1971 Professor Lord Flannell, K.G., the immortal British inventor whose heat-resisting, anti-cosmic-ray split pin is widely acknowledged to have been an essential contribution to the success of the West's first landing on Mars. As the Prime Minister said in a message of congratulation sent on Flannell's elevation to the peerage and simultaneous award of the Garter: "Britain can hold up her head again. We also were there"

Next chapters in the space story . . .



1963 Captain "Butch" van Scott, tragic American Space Pioneer, who would have been the first man on the moon but for muffing his landing drill on the edge of the moon's atmosphere. The fortitude of his radioed reports as disaster approached made a powerful appeal to the British love of a gallant failure and gave Anglo-U.S. relations their biggest boost since Marshall Aid

1984 Trial of Gen. Yuri Gagarin. World sensation attended the confession at his trial in Moscow of the Soviet Space Pioneer. He admitted to "lack of self-criticism" and disloyalty in repeatedly referring to his "Feelings of wonderful freedom" and "Escape from earthly ties" on soaring into space. Sentence: deprived of all streets named after him and exiled to obsolete space station



1975 First attempted elopement to space. Mr. Peter Goodenough and Lady Rosemary Davenport seen after being discovered stowing away in a spaceship at London Terminal. A close friend of the couple was quoted as saying: "They are so much in love, but her father is being terribly difficult. They chose Venus because you only need three days to establish residence"

NEXT
CHAPTERS
IN THE
SPACE STORY
continued

1990 State opening of the Free French space terminal in the Sahara on President de Gaulle's 100th birthday. It was unfortunately marred by an Algerian protest demonstration, and was widely criticized among French intellectual elements as being premature in view of the fact that there was not yet in existence a French spaceship to launch there





1995 The Hon. Mrs. Catterwick, the eminent penal reformer, chained herself to the launching pad in protest against the U.N. proposal that world undesirables should be transported to outer space. "Think of the effect on their innocent children," Mrs. Catterwick was shouting as firemen cut through her chains

'What' conducts a cosmic consumer test

"What" chose two brands for testing: the "Vostok" (manufactured by U.S.S.R. Industries Ltd.) and the "Mercury" (manufactured by U.S.A. Inc.). The main factors "What" was interested in testing were the capacity, the length of useful life, the convenience of operation, the cost, and of course the safety. Tests were carried out on five samples of each brand. The samples tested were bought commercially in the usual way, and were not specially provided by the manufacturers.

CAPACITY

The "Vostok" carries one man, and assorted equipment.

The "Mercury" carries one monkey, and assorted equipment.

CONVENIENCE OF OPERATION & EASE OF RECOVERY

"What's" team of specialists intended to blast off each sample five times, but this method proved to be impracticable. All samples were comparatively easy to launch, provided the user sticks rigidly to the "count-down"

method advocated by the manufacturers. As far as ease of recovery is concerned, however, several of the samples proved unpredictable. The two brands were compared on ease and speed of rising, and ability to remain up once they had risen. The "Mercury" fell down badly on these tests, three out of the five samples failing the first time. All tests of the "Vostok" were reported successful by its manufacturers, but the "What" team was not allowed to participate.

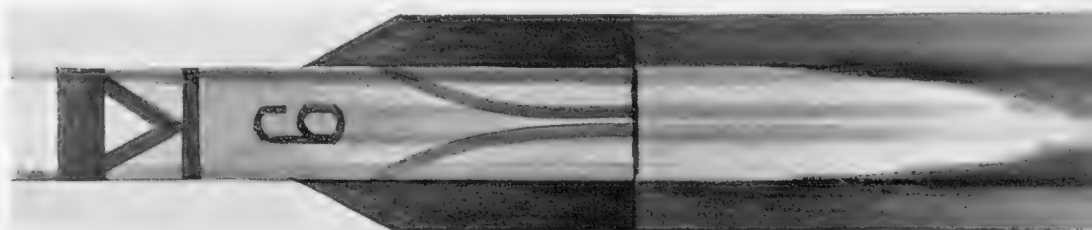
LENGTH OF USEFUL LIFE

Neither manufacturer is ready to

commit itself on this factor, though both speak optimistically of its potentialities. The same is true as far as SAFETY is concerned, though here U.S.S.R. Industries Ltd. speak far more confidently than U.S.A. Inc.

VALUE FOR MONEY

"What" finds it very difficult to pick one or other as a BEST BUY. There are many imponderables to sway the individual buyer, and the choice does of course depend to a large extent on what exactly is the intention of the buyer as to the use of the product once he has bought it.



2001 Last view of space ship on its way to Jupiter. (For what happened next, ask your grandchildren)

Modern silversmith works
on a chalice of strictly traditional
influence. Below: stoneware
bottles by Lucie Rie

Treasures OF TOMORROW

Machine-made Victoriana now counts as
antique. Are any contemporary products
worth investing in as potential heirlooms?

BY ROBERT WRAIGHT



JANE GATE



COID

Spode "Apollo" tableware,
a modern prize-winning
design in fine bone
china by Neal French and
David White. Below:
Stoneware jug by
Bernard Leach

William Morris and his Pre-Raphaelite colleagues started their "sort of firm for producing decorative articles" 100 years ago. One overlooked aspect of this anniversary is that the products of the company are now beginning to come into the category of "antiques."

Few people who see the commemorative exhibition "Morris & Co., 1861-1940" at the Victoria & Albert Museum are likely to dispute the right of Morris furniture, glass, tapestries, carpets and so on, to become "antique." Indeed, it might be argued that many of these things were antique to start with—having conscious medieval derivation and being made by methods not characteristic of their day. But what things being made today will be so readily accepted as antiques by the collectors and dealers of AD 2061?

Will they be the creations of those present-day followers of Morris, the individual artist-craftsmen who are still fighting a rearguard action for the survival of the hand-made? Or will they be the best productions made by modern machines from modern materials? It is a practical question to anybody with an inclination to lay up treasures for great-grandchildren. Passing on a family fortune nowadays is ringed with obstacles, but no Chancellor can cash in on household objects that won't begin to have serious value for another century. And you can have these agreeable things around you in your own lifetime. So it sounds like having your cake and eating it, and deserves investigation.

Talking to experts all the way from Sotheby's to the lower reaches of the King's Road, I found that the only thing they concur in asking of an "antique" is that it must be more than 100 years old. When I asked an official of the British Antique Dealers' Association if he thought that furniture in laminated wood or other household objects in synthetic materials could ever become antiques, he replied shrewdly:

"Antique dealers of the twenties and thirties never thought they would ever deal in Victorian things. So who can say what they will think in 100 years' time?"

The most significant thing about the admission of Victorian products as *bona fide* antiques was that it meant the admission of partly, if not wholly, machine-made things. So it is not difficult to imagine a time when the dealers will be assessing the relative artistic merits of the electronic brains behind different antiques. Mercifully, we are still far



ROGER HILL



Top: Cabinet of drawers in mahogany by
Edward Barnsley—already "antique" in
feeling. Above: Dining-room chair by
Sir Basil Spence, made in the modern
idiom in laminated wood





ROGER HILL



ROGER HILL

from that time. In even the most completely machine-produced things of today the hand of a human designer, good or bad, can be easily discerned. The standards of the machine operators, too, can be felt.

Modern methods have proved that, contrary to Morris's contention, it is possible to be a good designer without being a craftsman, just as it is possible to be a good craftsman without being a designer. I am convinced of this after looking at the work of many members of the Crafts Centre of Great Britain in Hay Hill, and at large quantities of the best work commercially produced to modern designs. Most of the Crafts Centre's members are strong individualists and traditionalists working in their own small workshops and using methods which are, frankly, anachronistic. The products of some of the furniture-makers and silversmiths are virtually "antiques" from the moment they are made. Though they may not copy earlier styles they are reproduction antiques in the same sense that an Annigoni painting is a reproduction of a Renaissance painting. In 100 years' time they may be regarded simply as beautifully-made curios.

What, then, will represent our time in the Antique Dealers' Fair of 2061? Those things, I think, in which the resources of today have been most successfully employed to express the spirit of their day. And if excellence of modern design and finish are the primary essentials of prospective antiques then Hay Hill has nothing on the Haymarket. I'd bet on the Design Centre rather than the Crafts Centre.

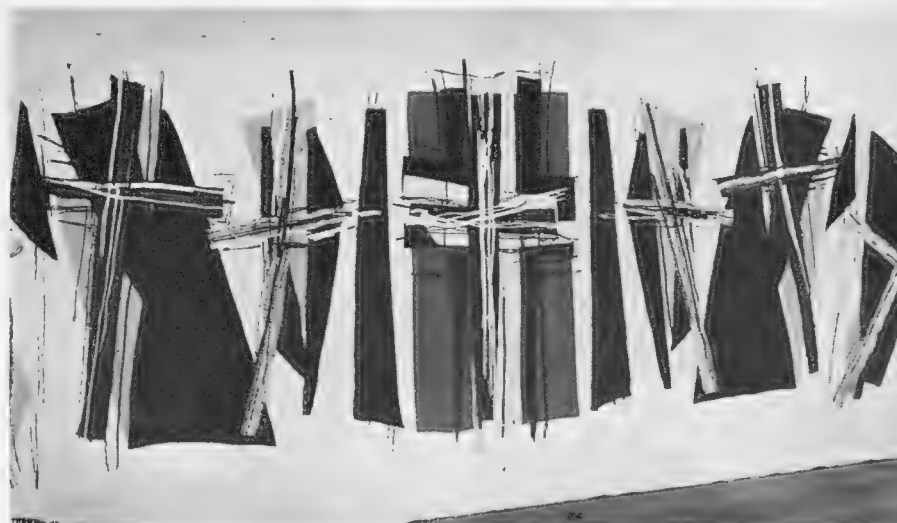
In certain fields we accept too readily that "hand-made" is better than "machine-made," that old methods are necessarily better than the new. When this is so, it is usually only because the new methods are being used simply to copy what was done with the old. There is a sharp illustration of this today in the field of glass engraving where two artists, Stephen Rickard and John Hutton, have devised mechanical tools that make the process quicker and easier. But while Hutton, who has recently completed work for Coventry Cathedral, breaks new ground in his designs, Rickard follows the traditional wheel-engravers, outpacing them in quantity and economy but lagging far behind in quality.

But when the machine is used to make things suited to its capabilities, the "craftsmanship" of the outcome need fear no artistic comparison with the hand-made. Indeed, so much of what the machine

Top: Gerald Benny, one of the most outstanding of modern silversmiths, designed and made this cruet for the Ionian Bank.

Middle: Cruet by R. E. Stone, superbly made and of Georgian influence.

Bottom: Altarcloth in fabric collage for St. Mary's Church, Swansea, by Margaret Kaye



ROGER HILL

can make would not be practical at all if left to manual methods.

Just the same, it's difficult to imagine the same glamour attending the surviving products of our factories in 100 years' time as that which goes with say a Louis Quinze chair today. And the more I think about laying out money of my own on potential heirlooms the more anxious I become. If only the antique experts had seemed a bit more confident and had been a bit less vague when they talked about craftsmanship, and quality, and taste, and aesthetics. I think I'd have to have a lot of money to spare before I'd gamble on tomorrow's antiques. Like everything else in which art has a hand, there is no clear signpost. You just have to back your fancy.



Mr. Justice Wynn Parry, a past-president of the Pegasus Club and a judge at this meeting. Muriel Bowen reports on pages 222-3



GUNNERS & GOWNS

Lawyers of the Pegasus Club combined with soldiers of the King's Troop R.H.A. for a joint point-to-point in Buckinghamshire



Mr. & Mrs. Spencer Johnson watch one of the races held at Little Kimble. Left: Mr. Justice Diplock, President of the Pegasus Club (& the Restrictive Practices Court)

Below: Mrs. S. d'Ambrumenil and the Hon. David Ilys



Mounted troopers of the King's Troop Royal Horse Artillery lead the field to the starting gate for the King's Troop R.H.A. Race. Below left: Mr. Justice Pilcher, the only High Court Judge to have won a Bar steeplechase race. Below right: Mr. Douglas Bassett





The Attorney General, Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, Bt., a steward at the meeting, adjusts the number-board for the Maiden Race



Lady Oaksey, wife of the former Lord of Appeal, who was also there



Mr. M. Connell won the Bar Heavyweight race and also rode in the Bar Lightweight race

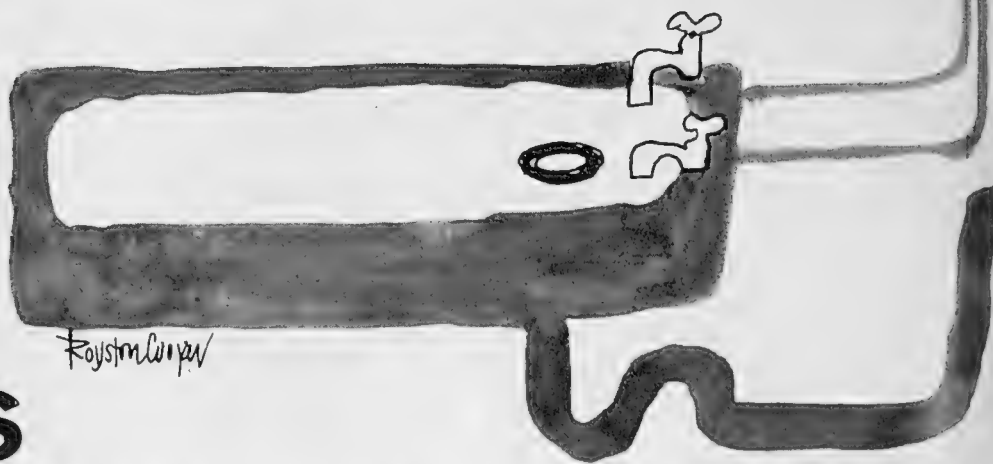
Mr. Justice Barry, who was a steward at the meeting



Mrs. Dorian Williams, wife of the Master of the Whaddon Chase, with her son Piers

The things that happen to One!

and why do they?



At six and a half I composed the impassioned distich:
 "Where does it lead to—
 Where does it go—
 Down the plug hole—
 I want to know!"

Now if mine were one of those dispiritingly Significant Lives, in which early portents mean much, I should doubtless today be a staggeringly successful sanitary engineer. Festoons of pipes monogrammed PVP would loop around the best bathrooms and domestic porcelain enamel would be called after me (reviving the archaic charm so lacking now that today's infants can no longer collect names such as "The Lyndale," "Colebrooke," or even "Edytha"). "Already," my biographer would pen, "her childish fancies were winging their way down the wastepipe."

As it is, I would merely like to know why, in my current bath, the water runs away at *all*, when the wastepipe immediately bucks into a skittish s-bend . . . and why the overflow grating which, as I can see for myself, is on the end of the bath 10 feet away from the nearest outside wall, nevertheless projects a north-easter straight on to my chest whenever the southing in the cistern means that the wind has changed. I don't want to *do* anything about these things (no Newton, she); I just want to know *why*?

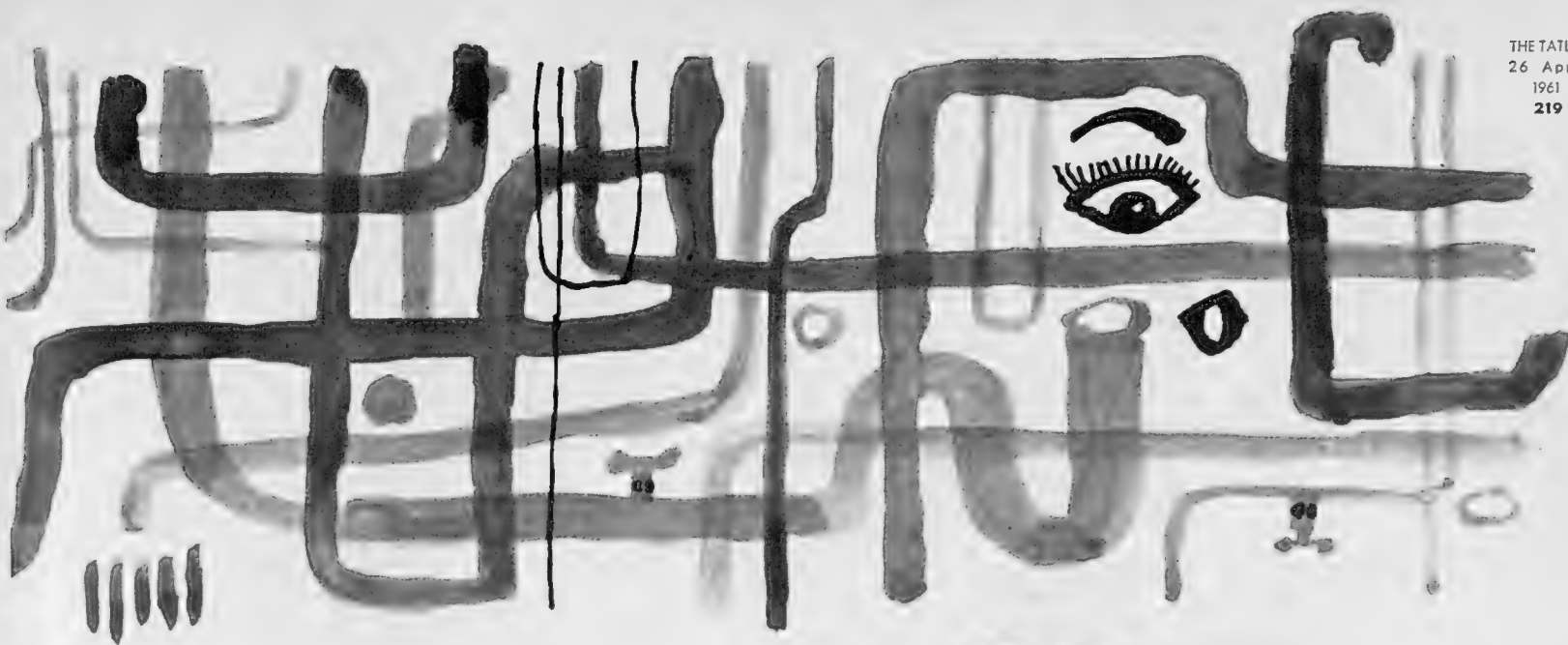
Dozens of people in these great shoebox office blocks now hemming us in—put up, I am sure, by people not allowed to play with the appropriate set of Meccano in their childhood and now saying "I'll show them," or whatever is the contemporary form of "Garn!"—are all steadily calculating things that seldom come within the ken of most of us. For how much do I care that, if I permitted myself to be shot into space, my face would all splay itself out like Jekyll and Hyde betwixt and between? Does it *matter* to me that every time I put down one of my stiletto heels I am exerting some sort of pressure akin to that thing that jumps up and down in the road and that, after putting my heel down so many hundred times, I would bore a hole through the bottom of Tower Bridge? It does not. I am unlikely to be tap-dancing on aforesaid bridge anyway. But there are all kinds of other things I wish the problem solvers and calculators *would* report on, instead of working

out that one's chances of being run over by an ostrich in Piccadilly are five and a half times less likely than winning the Olney pancake race—or some such matter that bears about as much relation to our daily lives as did that wretched *x* in algebra to all those things it was somehow supposed to equal.

First—as always with me—there is the great Food Mystery. It is of course well known to all who have to do with the young, that they have ancillary stomachs—far more than the seven said to appertain to the friendly cow. For no single stomach, much less an infant one, could otherwise cope with the mounds of meat and two veg., pudding, ice-cream, potato crisps, Mars bars, milk shakes and gob-stoppers that are taken into the wee maw several times a day. One set of digestive juices, tracts and those terrible miles of intestines would simply sag under the mixture; so there must be separate little stomachs disposed about their tiny persons in which all the different things are filed away. Now I should like to know whether the poor old single-type adult tum just develops out of a great general bursting of all the tiny tums, or whether these little stomachs atrophy under the healthy balanced diet of our great public schools?

A monograph on this topic could lead to a survey of adult capacity. How can it happen that, within the same few days, one roast duckling can feed three adults and then pass through all the transmogrifications of cold, salamis, casserole and cassoulet, whereas the same sized bird can barely appease the appetites of three similar people, leaving me to toy unsatisfactorily with whatever a duckling has instead of a parson's nose? There are the people who load one's plate so with *bouillabaisse* or *paella* that, even after one has dug around in it for ages, there actually is more left than one started with, and there are the characters who go in so for high thinking that they scarcely live at all and apportion one Bath Chap between seven. This, as those nasty, pointed-looking theorems used to say, is impossible. But it *happens*.

Then there is the great problem of Dirt—the stuff that sticks in fact, as opposed to the kind reported in the Sunday shrieks. The average child has a built-in dirt attractor, like



BY PAMELA VANDYKE PRICE



a kind of magnet, that loses its power with puberty. One just has to accept this like the way the sink only *ever* bungs itself up over a Bank Holiday, or one's knees only crack when one is confirmed, presented or married. There is the plate that, washed not 24 hours before, suddenly shows trails of greyish slime the second it is put on the table to accommodate the unexpected extra guest, and the glass that, just as one's husband's boss raises it to the light to approve the Château Lafite 1947 (which one hopes will prove a long-term investment), reveals a gigantic greasy thumb print.

When one strips off an immaculate white glove to try on a ring or finger some fine fabric, there is the grime that has clustered around one's cuticles as on to one who wields heavy power tools constantly . . . and there is the grey deposit that clings to shoulder-straps put on clean not an hour before, the instant when one has to reveal them to the turbid-like indifference of a sleek *vendeuse*. There's the unappetizing Spot, like the relic of a crime, that appears on the tablecloth *after* one has set the table, and just where neither mustard pot nor candlestick can be put to cover it . . . and the sinister Smear that stains the handkerchief shaken out from freshly-laundered folds in front of a prospective employer ("*One is always judged by the impeccable condition of accessories*"). No one has ever asked *Why* about these things, though I am sure they would be most interesting subjects for investigation, backed by one of those foundations that are always dishing out the lolly for abstruse research.

But the most mysterious phenomenon of all is on a far vaster scale. At the risk of seeming like the wretched creature who hasn't taken the chlorophyll, used the appropriate soap powder on little Winnie's pinny or failed to install the silent sort of plumbing, I should *really* like to know where do the Other Women keep their clothes?

The climate in these isles is such that, whatever one starts the day by wearing, it will be wrong by lunchtime, uncomfortable in the afternoon, impractical in the evening and downright bizarre if one has to go on anywhere. But this only applies to *Oneself*. Forth one may fare, head bowed beneath brolly, tented in tweeds, with boots making

one's feet like mastodon's hooves. Well and good, everyone else in the tempest is similarly bogged down in a mush of wet wool and umbrella spokes. But the *second* the sun shines, all the Other Women are trotting around in spikey heeled, pale-coloured, unsludgified shoes, hats crisply veiled, *tailleurs* uncreased by compression in damp bus or train. Should One, bound for a wedding in the afternoon, start out in picture hat and silk coat, hoping to look in at a white sale and coffee with Cousin Maud from Tunbridge Wells the while, then lo! gales rend hat from head and one chatters with cold, while the Other Women whisk by in fur bonnets, snug in their little *bottins* and swirling minks.

Has one desperately invested in one of those cunning outfits that take apart or put together so that one can be all career girl and covered up for conferences one minute and stripped for the opera the next? One cannot win. Women whom one has *seen*, half an hour before, rigidly tailored in their offices, float past in tulle and tiaras, no trace of mud on their ankles or ballpoint on their fingers. So presumably they've had some kind of an overall dry-clean into the bargain. Poor old One is always off the beam. "Don't change," they carol invitingly, and One takes the taxi or risks a parking ticket while hurtling into the little black, to arrive like a funeral baked meat among a *mélange* of grey flannel, ski-pants and hostess lounging pyjamas. "Don't change," they warn, ever so casual, and straight from the desk One arrives, to sweat beside the bared bosoms and baratheas of those whose sartorial antennae are so much more sensitive than One's own.

For ages I thought this could be explained by the huge bags and baskets that we all tote around everywhere, and I tried to keep up. But when I took to carrying three extra pairs of shoes in mine (sandals, casuals and gumboots) the sheer weight rooted me to the spot and I had to succumb. One is just the eternal outsider until One can discover those huge, underground clothes lockers in all cities where the Other Women keep their clothes so that they can be right while One is conspicuously wrong. This is a really worthy subject for research and one which, even exceeding the destination of the plughole—I should like to know about *soon*, please.



The A.A. co-operated with parking signs while the streets filled and (right) local children edged into camera range to get their picture taken with the bride and bridegroom

The town turns out to see the bride . . .

. . . at Mold in Flintshire where Miss Philippa Marjorie Davies-Cooke was married to Mr. William George Warde-Norbury



Col. Richard Poole proposes the health of bride and bridegroom. Muriel Bowen reports, pages 222-3



Gen. Sir William & Lady Stirling with (back to camera) Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, Bt.



The Hon. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh & Col. J. E. Nickson



Col. P. R. Davies-Cooke, the bride's father



Miss M. Williams-Wynne & Mr. D. Mainwaring

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM HUSTLER



Social notes by Muriel Bowen

I'll start with horses. When the Old Berkshire branch of the Pony Club (*pictures this page*) held its annual Hunter Trials it was an early-morning-until-late-afternoon affair. Entries were enormous. But, then, the rise in membership of the Pony Club throughout the country during the past 10 years has been phenomenal and membership today stands at 30,904. "Our Old Berkshire Hunt branch has doubled in size during the past four or five years," Mrs. C. W. Nash, the honorary secretary, told me.

The organization of the Trials was done by Mrs. Guy Knight, the District Commissioner. No easy job with more than 60 in one class and 40 pairs in another. The course, praised by the competitors, was laid out by Mrs. G. H. Berners—women are the backbone of the Pony Club organization. Miss Jane Darby carried off the final class of the day which was open to adults. Lt.-Col. M. L. Edwards-Heathcote, joint-Master of the Old Berkshire, came in second.

The other horsey event of the week was the annual turn-out of saddle-minded members of the Bench—the Bar point-to-point, actually a shared event with the King's Troop R.H.A. I see a bright future for the Pegasus Club, which held the point-to-point at Little Kimble (*see pictures on page 216*). It has talent enough to branch into all sorts of other activities and still produce a good field on the day. The law seems to allow success to go hand in hand with a well-stocked leisure. Just take the hobbies of the judges, picked at random, whom I saw at the races: Mr. Justice Wynn-Parry, tennis, gardening and cookery . . . Mr. Justice Barry, fishing and golf . . . Mr. Justice Stable, hunting, shooting, fishing and breeding spaniels.

But it was horses and horsemanship that mattered at Little Kimble. No doubt some of

the wigs and gowns left richer than they arrived, but what seemed to be the biggest cheers to roll out over the fresh green fields were for a horse and rider that came in *last*: Mr. Justice Diplock on his big raking chestnut Circuit. Sir Kenneth Diplock, the first High Court judge to ride in the race for many years, is a familiar figure with the Cottesmore. Indeed at the Pegasus Club dinner at the Cavalry Club which followed the point-to-point Mr. Bob Hoare, the Cottesmore joint-Master, mentioned a large fence Sir Kenneth jumped while out hunting and which had stopped everybody else.

Lord Merriman, Lord Oaksey, and Mr. Justice Pilcher were among the legal luminaries enjoying their day at the races. Immediately after the last race Mr. Justice Pilcher beat it to Brussels for an international gathering of maritime lawyers. He's one of the stalwarts of the Club and the only High Court judge to win one of the bar races. I also saw Mr. Justice Paull and noticed that when he joined friends for a picnic he sat *in the boot* of the Rolls.

There was no shortage of riders. Mr. E. S. Temple, who was in Court until late on Friday in Manchester, drove his two horses south through the night and rode in two races. Mr. Harold Sebag-Montefiore rode Ready Money, the horse that had helped in his London County Council election campaign the week before.

"This year's 10 runners in the Bar Heavy-weight is the best we've ever had," Mr. Robin Dunn, one of the organizers, told me. "I think there are more hunting men among barristers than there were just after the war."

THE TOWN TURNED OUT

When Mr. William Warde-Norbury, Coldstream Guards, married Miss Philippa Davies-

Cooke at the Parish Church, Mold, Flintshire (*pictures on previous page*), it was a country wedding with lots of atmosphere. As the bride and groom walked down the steep path from the buff-coloured stone church, people ran from their vegetable stalls and children gathered in hundreds. A little grey car with a *Vote for Brown* placard got mixed up with the shiny black wedding cars. Some of the comments were in Welsh.

The ceremony was performed by the Rt. Rev. David Bartlett, Bishop of St. Asaph, a commanding figure in gold and cream mitre and cope.

Back at Gwysaney, guests filed past a huge drift of daffodils into a most attractive series of marquees. They had shell-pink tops and this, with the sun shining through, was to give guests' faces a warm, wonderful glow.

The bride's parents, Col. & Mrs. P. R. Davies-Cooke, are superb organizers and all the arrangements were carried out with tremendous *élan*. It wasn't their fault that the bride and groom left for their honeymoon in Estoril without passports and travellers' cheques! But quick thinking, again by the bride's parents, led to the dispatch of a car with the indispensable left-behinds. Contact was made and the handover took place at Stafford.

With guests moving from one marquee to another it was impossible to see everybody. Major & Mrs. H. G. Warde-Norbury, the bridegroom's parents, came from Hooton Pagnell Hall, Doncaster. Lt. Gen. Sir Charles & Lady Allfrey were there and so were Comdr. & Mrs. H. E. Heaton, Brigadier & Mrs. H. S. K. Mainwaring, Col. & Mrs. John Williams-Wynne, Mrs. T. Darley, and Mr. & Mrs. Peter Davies-Cooke. He recently left the Royals after 12½



Mr. John White, joint-Master and huntsman of the V.W.H. (Cricklade), judged in the afternoon



Lt.-Col. Frank Weldon, the Olympic rider, rode in the father and son event with his son George



Mr. Ian Lomax, joint-Master of the Craven Farmers, another judge of the afternoon session

AT THE OLD BERKSHIRE'S PONY CLUB TRIALS

years as a regular soldier and he's now starting a fruit and mushroom farm at Leominster.

Still more guests: **Col. Richard Poole**, the bride's bachelor godfather, **Miss Anne Greenaway**, **Major the Hon. Peter & Mrs. Hotham**, **Sir Watkin & Lady Williams-Wynn**. Sir Watkin, perhaps our most stalwart fox-hunter, has for several years been joint-Master of two packs, the Flint & Denbigh and the Wynnstay. Now, sadly, at the end of the season he's giving up the Flint & Denbigh because the call of two estates, plus the travelling, made it too much even for his energy.

The wedding presents were a wonderful sight; there must have been over 1,000 of them in a marquee all to themselves. From her father there was a fur coat ("well, it was what she said she wanted") and by way of contrast from her mother, the latest in sewing machines, complete with embroidery gadgets. Incidentally, I now know what has displaced toasters: trays. The bride got 31.

After the honeymoon she and her husband will set up house in a flat at Bagshot. They've already found one.

PRE-SEASON ENGAGEMENT

Is this the first engagement among this season's debs? **Miss Perdita Watt**, daughter of **Mr. & Mrs. Peter Watt**, is to marry **Mr. Richard Bennett**. Friends expect the announcement any time. **Mr. Bennett**, a trainee executive in the printing industry, will be going to **Queen Charlotte's Ball** next week to meet all his fiancée's friends—at least those he hasn't met already.

Watt's coming-out dance goes on as planned. It is to be at the home of her grand-

parents, **Mr. & Mrs. W. P. Watt**, who have a lovely 18th-century house near Baldock in Hertfordshire. The Bennetts and the Watts are old family friends and almost next-door neighbours in Kensington. Miss Watt's ring is a family heirloom which is being adapted.

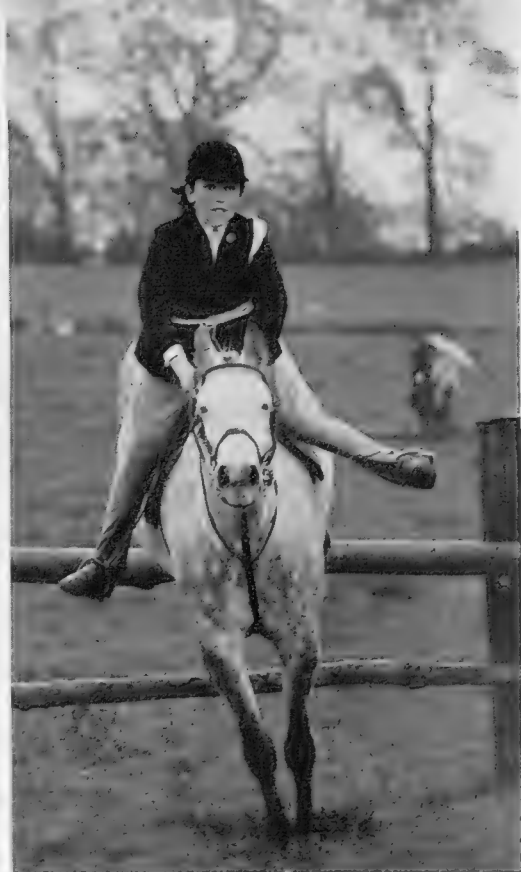
HOME TO PARTIES

There has been a succession of cocktail parties during the Easter holidays and since for girls returning from finishing schools abroad. **Lady Nugent** and **Mrs. Peter Nugent** gave one for Mrs. Nugent's daughter, **Heather Millington**, at the House of Commons. The day after Budget Day it was a wonderfully exciting rendezvous for the young as they walked past the policemen and queues of people waiting to get into the galleries for the debate.

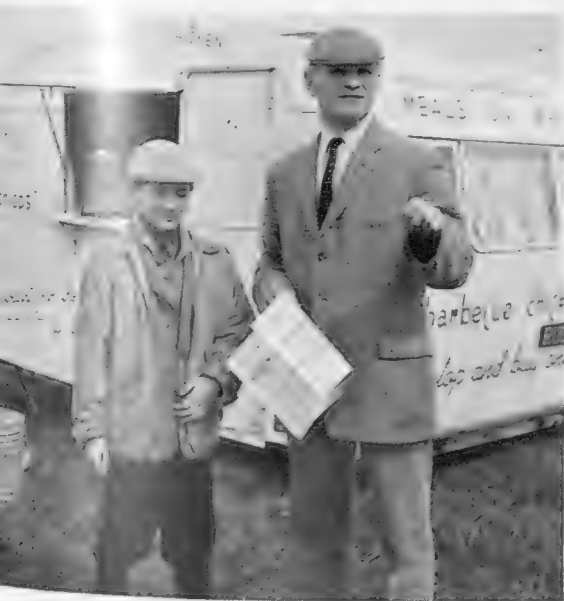
One of the gayest of the coming-out cocktail parties—continuing after it was meant to finish—was given by **Lady Georgina Coleridge** at Brown's. It was for her daughter **Frances**, an attractive, dark-haired girl who is keeping up the family tradition by taking up law. Generations of the Coleridge's have been lawyers and one, **Frances's great-great-grandfather**, was Lord Chief Justice.

"She's busy eating her dinners at the moment," Lady Georgina told me. "They will be a bit difficult in the summer term but she'll be able to get to the six she needs to eat during a gap between dances."

There were about 120 young (and what Lady Georgina described as "a couple of elderly birds") at the party. The young included **Miss Rose Anderson**, **Miss Anne Boyd-Carpenter** (an old school friend of Frances's), **Mr. David Pitman**, and the **Hon. Ivor Guest**.



Celia Knight, whose mother, Mrs. Guy Knight, ran the trials. Below: Mrs. M. B. Harman & Nicola



Capt. Stephen Wright, the amateur jockey, and his son Nigel. Right: an afternoon competitor



Ask your literary friend to name a West Indian writer, and he will probably offer that of Edgar Mittelholzer, author of 16 books. He is the doyen of a lively group of West Indian writers who have exchanged sunny homes like Trinidad, Jamaica and Barbados for Ealing, Wimbledon and Hampstead. Actually Mittelholzer and Jan Carew come from British Guiana, but have been labelled with this group where they fit naturally. Mittelholzer is the only writer who will commit himself to settling permanently in England. The others prefer to roam before deciding. Not a faction or a clique, the axes they grind are for cutting down different trees. They rarely see each other, but together their work has made a refreshing impact on the English novel, and on the English attitude to the coloured immigrant. They have all achieved recognition over here; Selvon had a novel serialized in the *Evening Standard*, Lamming has given talks on the B.B.C. and Hearne has a degree in history.



THE SEA-ISLAND SCH



Edgar Mittelholzer, best known of the group, has fitted easily into English life. He and his wife have a cottage in Farnham where he works by the window with its view of the Surrey countryside. His latest book is *Thunder Returning*. In his spare time Mittelholzer likes painting. He was born in New Amsterdam

*Jan Carew (right) marched
with his wife in the
Lumumba Protest; the
flag is home made*

*George Lamming pensive
(left), striding out over
Hampstead Heath (below)
adopts a wry view of the
English. His latest book
is Season of Adventure*



THE TATLER 26 April 1961 225



The post-war emigration from the West Indies has an intellectual content that is not often mentioned. Mark Gerson photographed five writers who have come to live near London

00L



*Samuel Selvon admits
to being lazy, though his
work has received acclaim.
Like the others, he regards
London as a vital centre
for his activities*

*John Hearne (left) comes from
Jamaica. He got his M.A. at
Edinburgh University. Now
a schoolteacher, he lives in
Belsize Park. His latest novel
is The Autumn Equinox*

MAY

I?

by

LORD KILBRACKEN

I VIEW THE APPROACH OF MAY, WHICH BEGINS NEXT Monday, with the usual feelings of ambivalence. It is good, I suppose, that April-the-cruellest-month will be over, but May, on the other hand, was regarded by the clever ancient Romans as the least lucky month of the year ("especially for marriages"). On the credit side there is the well-known jingle which, suitably bowdlerized, might be said to run as follows:

Hurray! Hurray! The First of May!

Outdoor fun-and-games start today!

—for the grass is getting longer and the sap (poor sap) is rising. On the debit side, it will be remembered what happens to the darling buds of May, and James Lowell (1819-91) went so far as to say that May was no more than a pious fraud. But it is still a merrie month, and I'm to be Queen of it, and here we go gathering nuts in it, and away to the maypole hie.

A little research shows that May was only the *third* month in the Roman calendar (which may make it less unlucky for *us*). It took its name from Maia, Mercury's mother, to whom the Romans were wont to sacrifice on May Day. Hence the French *mai*. May Day, from then on, has had a succession of special rituals or festivities, from the Druidic feasts in honour of the great God Bel, by way of morris dancing and maypoles in Tudor England (till banned by the Roundheads), down to the marches and demonstrations of international Communism in our own romantic times.

May Day is still celebrated in traditional, or pseudo-traditional, manner in certain parts of England, especially in Oxford, where I once went maying myself. I had meant to do so on several earlier May Days, but my bed had proved too attractive. You have to rise at the first crack of dawn and make your way to Magdalen by sunrise at the latest, where half the university seems (or seemed) to be already assembled. I have never been able, since, to understand the attraction of the occasion.

The Magdalen choristers may be dimly discerned at the top of Magdalen tower, and are alleged to sing a hymn, in praise of summer or something, but this is inaudible owing to the great roar of traffic which is rumbling, already, over Magdalen Bridge. That's all; though you may then, if you like, propel yourself (plus girl-friend, &c.) by punt up the Cherwell, and have breakfast on the river, *if* it isn't raining, which it often is. Small wonder that May Day is also the internationally recognized distress signal, being a phonetic version of the French *m'aidez*.

If you are in Paris, May Day is when suddenly, for reasons unknown to me, you *have* to buy a buttonhole of lily-of-the-valley, and wear it conscientiously till evening. The French, as is known, are a nation of individualists, but on May morning *everyone* conforms with this tradition; at this moment, several million blooms must be ready for harvesting, and will magically appear at dawn on Monday, synchronizing

with the Magdalen choristers, outside every Paris Metro and on all the boulevards.

May is also a pretty white flower, the blossom of the hawthorn, in fact the eventual haw, which it is supposed to be unlucky to bring into the house. The Mayflower was responsible for the United States of America, which is quite a responsibility. May is also short for Mary, and is an island in the Firth of Forth, 5½ miles S.E. of Crail, where I learnt to drop torpedoes. May (*poet.*) means a maiden, from the OE *maeg*, a kinswoman. And May, besides all this, is captain of Surrey and England.

I should perhaps also mention Maya, which is a river in Siberia and was a very pretty model-girl (KNI 4671, but that was long ago and I believe she got married), and should not be confused with Mayas, a well-known race of Red Indians . . . Mayfair, once a fashionable residential quarter of London (can you remember?) between Green Park and Piccadilly . . . and Mayo, colloquially known as Mayo-God-help-us, a neighbouring county in Connaught, the remotest province of Ireland. (*cf.* "Hell or Connaught"—Cromwell.)

The Derby, for once, will be run in May this year. On the other hand, I understand that the May Races—an aquatic event in one of the minor universities—normally occur in June. This is an example of a *lucus a non lucendo*, like the Euxine; for a different reason, the anniversary of the October Revolution is celebrated in November. The mayfly, a literary ephemeral insect, usually chooses a day in May to fly and die. May is the month for thinking of summer fashions, for starting a new love affair, for winning the Irish Sweep, for making a start with the silage, for painting the boat or buying a new car, and for wishing one had got out more muck in February and March.

March winds and April showers/Bringeth forth May flowers (according to the old saw). Among those they bringeth forth at Killegar are, happily, the azalea, the lilac and the laburnum, and, unhappily, the ragwort, the thistle, the nettle and the dock. The cuckoo, which came in April, sings his song in May, mocking married men. The mean temperature is 52 deg. F.; pastures "afford a full bite"; and young rooks begin to leave the nest "about the 12th" (*v.* Primrose McConnell's *Agricultural Notebook*, p.283).

All in all, I don't think I can endure all this pastoral activity, all this surging rebirth to be in time for death in autumn, only four months away. The troglodytic city-dweller can remain oblivious of the passing seasons, and frequently does so; for him, the lilac breeds unseen, and his dull roots are unstirred by spring rain. I think I'd better join him; I've been rusticated too long, and it's time to make a change. On May Day I'll take the plunge: I'll move to London. *M'aidez! Je vous prie de m'aider!*

SWIMSUITS '61



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
MICHAEL
DUNNE

It's a bareback year for swimsuits—witness the Jantzen model above. Torso lines are long and svelte, fabrics are feather-light and figure-moulding and the modern synthetic fibres that flatter and improve curves mean suits that dry in moments too. Fabric here is a mixture of rayon, nylon and lastex woven with a velvet finish. Colours available are cherry, eggshell blue, green, peacock and black and the price is £4 9s. 6d. For details of where to buy the Jantzen and the other suits shown turn to page 234



Not quite so modest as it looks, the beach suit opposite has a tunic that removes to show brief shorts and a bra. All are made of the same heavy woven cotton in blue and green printed on white with an Oriental design appropriate to the Hong Kong background where all the swimsuits were photographed. You can swim nine months of the year from the beaches out there. For details of how to reach them see the travel guide listed with stockists on page 234. By Slix, the three pieces cost 3 gns. Lotus have the white leather sandals

SWIMSUITS '61

CONTINUED

Finely woven elasticized Bengaline is used for this shape-making suit which has the fashionable ultra-low back and high-cut legs. An inset bra and intricate seaming ensure a perfect fit. Shell motifs printed on the suit come in two colourways—brown with orange and blue with turquoise. By Marina Del Mar, price: 7½ gns.





Helanca stretch nylon makes a U-back suit from Holland that weighs only a few ounces and dries in moments. The multi-coloured diamond design is woven in several gay colour combinations. By Tweka, price: about £3 17s. 6d. Kleinert's white rubber cap repeating the diamond motif costs 12s. 6d.

SWIMSUITS '61

CONTINUED





An exotic floral print which comes in many colours on white Helanca makes a swimsuit that varies the popular U-back to a deep V. Tiny cap sleeves protect the shoulders and there is a built-in bra and a half skirt in front. By Caprice, price: £8 12s. 6d. Pointed cap of blue rubber petals faced with white by Kleinerts costs 2 gns.

Another from the Dutch firm of Tweka, again with the deep U-back. The fabric is elasticized batiste that moulds the form like a second skin. Woven in a rainbow of stripes, the colours are red, yellow, orange, green, lilac and turquoise, price: £5 13s. 6d.





Again the deep U-back—this time in a suit of cotton Jacquard elastic, with adjustable shoulder straps and a quarter skirt in front. Colours are a choice of cherry, royal blue or brown, all with white. By Jantzen, price: £4 17s. 6d.

This year's bathing caps are so attractive that they will be worn as much for their looks as for practical considerations. This one, called Honolulu, is an arrangement of massed flowerheads trimmed with a black rubber band and comes in white, red, pink, yellow and green. By Kleinerts, price: 6 gns.

SWIMSUITS '61

CONTINUED

Black skull cap decorated with huge pink rubber roses or alternatively white or red roses has an evocative look of the twenties. Called Carmen the cap is also made in white, when it may be trimmed with red, black or lemon roses. By Kleinerts, price: 3 gns.



SWIMSUITS '61—and where to buy them

CONCLUDED



For the beach girl with dash—she needs a good figure, too—a Continental bikini made by Tiktiner in a strong cotton multi-colour printed. It costs 6 gns. over here in sizes 34-36 in. only

Page 227 JANTZEN "Chequita"

Harvey Nichols, S.W.1; Dickins & Jones, W.1.; John Barkers, W.8; Wm. Harvey, Guildford; Lewis's Ltd., Birmingham; Evan Roberts, Cardiff; Bentalls, Kingston-on-Thames, Ealing & Worthing; J. E. Beale Ltd., Bournemouth

Page 228 SLIX beach outfit

Fifth Avenue, W.1; Hammonds, Hull; Binns, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Somertons of Harrow; Bobbys, Folkestone; Brights of Bristol; Colsons of Exeter; Schofields, Leeds

Page 229 MARINA DEL MAR "Dolphin"

Harvey Nichols, S.W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; John Walsh, Sheffield; Cavendish House, Cheltenham; Bon Marche, Liverpool; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds & Leicester; Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells; Bentalls, Kingston-on-Thames; Beatties of Wolverhampton; Guy & Smith, Grimsby; Pophams, Plymouth

Page 230 TWEKA "Syracusa"

Dickins & Jones, W.1; Selfridges, W.1; Debenham & Freebody, W.1; Derry & Toms, W.8; Spooners, Plymouth; Bobbys, Bournemouth; Brindleys, Derby; Lewis's Ltd., Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Leicester, Bristol, Liverpool

Page 231 TWEKA "Holiday"

Dickins & Jones, W.1; Selfridges, W.1; Watt & Grant, Aberdeen; Spooners, Plymouth; Bobbys, Bournemouth; Brindleys, Derby; Lewis's Ltd., Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Leicester, Bristol, Liverpool

CAPRICE "Romana"

Debenham & Freebody, W.1; Watt & Grant, Aberdeen; Hammonds, Hull; Copland & Lye, Glasgow; Brindleys, Derby; Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester; Bobbys, Eastbourne

Page 232 JANTZEN "Velvure Maillot"

Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1; Simpsons, Piccadilly, W.1; Bon Marche, Liverpool & Gloucester; Cobleys, Hove & Brighton; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leicester & Birmingham; W. H. Johnson, Northampton; Osbornes, Ryde, Isle of Wight

Page 233 KLEINERTS Swimeaps

Available at most large stores throughout the country

This page TIKTINER bikini

Woollands, S.W.1, only

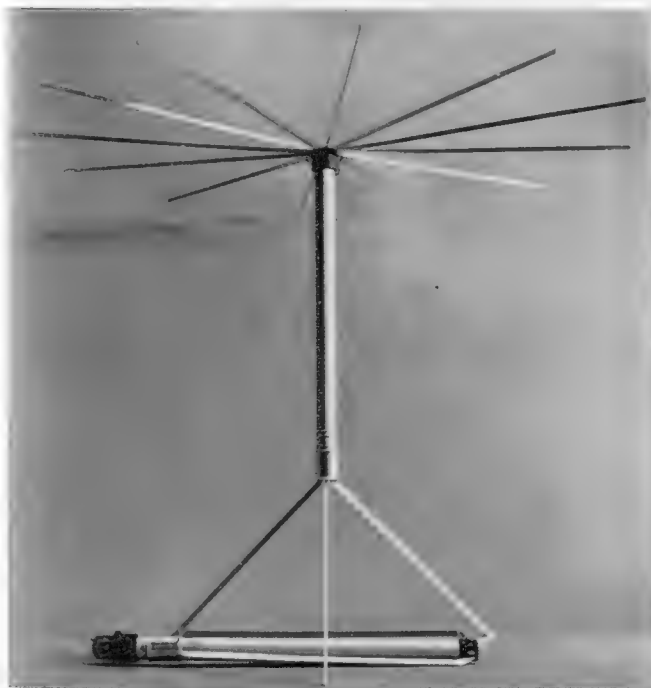
Where to swim like the cover girl

The hundreds of tiny landlocked bays around Victoria on Hong Kong island and Kowloon on the mainland provide a swimmers' paradise that can be reached from London in under 24 hours. BOAC fly nine services a week on several transcontinental routes. Return fare via India is £640 16s. first class and £374 8s. economy. BOAC also operate a flight to Hong Kong via America

Domestic details

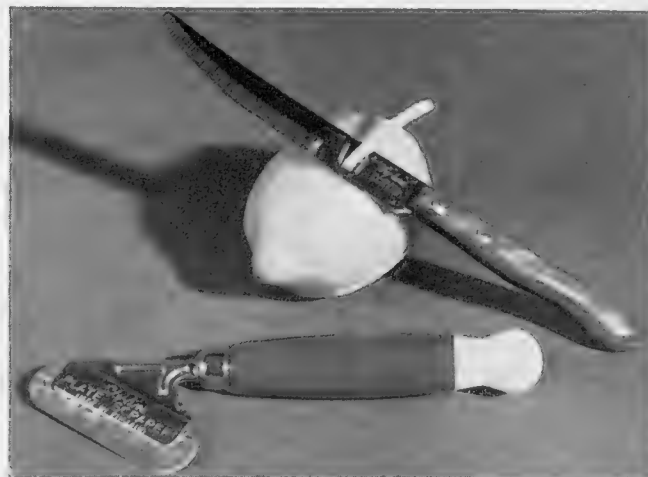


Cooks conserve energy . . . with a mechanical vegetable slicer—just set the thickness, press a lever and it works itself—£4 10s. from Harrods' wide range; save time . . . with windowed canisters, 34s. set of four; boil accurately . . . with a dial thermometer that clips to the pan, £1 2s. 6d.



Houseroom will easily be found for the Radial dryer, which gives the equivalent of 24 ft. drying area. Twelve arms telescope into the tubular metal stand and the legs fold in as shown, so that it takes up hardly any space. 3 gns. from Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.1

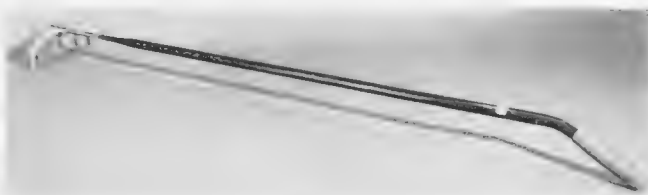
Up-to-date kitchens need the new Prestige fruit knife, with built-in sliver gouger, a serrated tip and hand-moulded handle, price: 6s. 11d. . . and the flexible rubber plate scraper, 2s. 6d. at Selfridges and most stores. Both are new additions to the Skyline range



Intelligence report

NEW IDEAS FOR BATHROOM ELEGANCE THAT INCLUDE SOME good-looking plain brass fittings come from Peter Jones, S.W.3. From this range a towel rail 24" in length costs 26s. 9d.; shelf brackets a guinea a pair and soap dishes 13s. 11d. They also have the Gulfstream handy shower fitting which is portable and needs no plumbing. A rubber hose, divided into two at the end, is fitted to the taps and hung over a metal rail which can be Rawlplugged to the wall. The rail can have a curtain attached and, together with the hose, folds flat when not in use. Price: £4 17s. 6d.

Permutit has a revolutionary water softener in a non-corrosive white Fibreglass cabinet that fits in with most kitchen units. Advantage is that the softener needs no regeneration by the owner. Permutit set a 24-hour clock so that regeneration occurs at a calculated time (usually night); the process takes about an hour. All that the owner need do is see that the cabinet is filled with salt (about 1 cwt.), necessary according to water conditions (usually once a month). Permutit are hoping to arrange an automatic salt delivery service through local dealers. The softener is plumbed to the main water, drainage and electricity supplies. Price: £180 to order only from Marshall & Snelgrove and all stores in the country's hardwater areas. Cost of running: roughly 2s. a week in a household of four.



Weekend gardeners will like the Wilkinson Sword Company's revolutionary rake, called Wrake. It has a long, well-balanced handle in stove-enamelled steel and a back-swept head of aluminium bronze, correctly-angled teeth and rubber, hand-moulded grip. 50s. from all large stores



HOUSTON ROGERS

Stanley Baxter & Ronnie Banks in
On The Brighter Side (see below)

VERDICTS

EDWARD QUINN



Raymond Moretti with some of his paintings in his studio
at Nice. (Galleries, page 238)

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

On The Brighter Side. Phoenix Theatre. (Stanley Baxter, Betty Marsden, Pip Hinton, David Kernan.)

On the slighter side

ARRANGING A REVUE SEEMS TO BE one of the trickier ways of trying to entertain the public. It is relatively easy if you are blessed with a single author and he happens to be a Farjeon, a Herbert or a Melville, or with one or two comedians—say, the two Hermiones—warranted to make a cat laugh whatever they are given to do. But if, like Mr. James Gilbert, the arranger and director of *On The Brighter Side* at the Phoenix, you are using a great many authors and composers the sensation must be rather like that of sailing a perilous sea of imponderables.

However carefully you coach your collaborators their contributions will turn out to be obstinately individualistic, and however ruthlessly you can afford to sift the items placed at your disposal you soon see that they are not going to produce that beautiful unity of impression which has haunted your dreams. You sensibly decide to abandon an impossible ideal and to make a virtue of disunity—only to discover in the event that the dissimilarities of which your revue

is composed are perversely developing a definite personality of their own. It is not perhaps a personality that you yourself like. You can only hope that the audience will—and fortunately revue audiences are not in these days particularly choosy.

The first impression made by *On the Brighter Side* is bound, I think, to be of something very neat, determinedly smart and rather empty. As a honeymoon couple trying to combine conventional love in idleness with training for a television competition with a big money prize Miss Betty Marsden and Mr. Stanley Baxter get no chance to show their comic qualities; Miss Pip Hinton is equally badly served with a pointless song about the affluent society; and the black clad dancers among white chairs cut pretty patterns of no choreographic significance whatever. But the impression of smartness has been struck and it remains to carry us on, still expectant, to something quite well worth repeating.

Miss Marsden appears as an egocentric charmer madly in love with herself but needing the wild infatuation of a youth—who has to be held back by two other youths—to assure her that her Narcissus complex is based on reality. Miss Marsden does not spare herself; nor does she spare her victim, and poor Mr. David Kernan is given a terrible time. This sketch has the effect of a witty remark at a rather sticky dinner party. It loosens tongues and for quite a long while everything that happens seems thoroughly enjoyable. There is, for instance, the absent-minded peer who persistently mistakes his son for his butler, his brother or his sister, which is acutely embarrassing

because the son has come to ask for parental consent to marry. The only way out is for him to introduce his girl as Bert, and so all ends happily. Miss Marsden follows up with an amusing impression of the helpful woman who cannot resist the ring of a telephone bell, and going to a group of public booths to telephone for the fire brigade is kept busy putting half a dozen affairs to rights before she can do something about her burning house. This sketch would be twice as funny if it were half as long.

Mr. Gilbert's chief fault as a director is that he never seems to know when enough is enough. But the first curtain is brought down more or less triumphantly with an extremely funny skit at the expense of the authors of *Salad Days* and its successors. Their musical and romantic simplicities are an easy target, but it is hit bang in the middle.

It is part and parcel of the perverseness of revue that when the curtain goes up on the second half everything seems as sticky and as trivial as it was at the beginning. This time Miss Marsden does the warming up. Her tatty and slightly distraught wood nymph looking for the gamekeeper whose notoriety has just reached her is a happier invention than it sounds, and there are later on some highly critical but amusing impersonations of Dame Sybil Thorndike, Sir Ralph Richardson and Mr. Fred Astaire by Mr. Baxter. Miss Marsden is also involved in the most prolonged lavatory joke I have ever endured, greeted with an ovation as prolonged as itself, perhaps because it is set in the House of Lords. The net result is a successful but not particularly distinguished revue.

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

Sanctuary. Director Tony Richardson. (Lee Remick, Yul Brynner, Montand, Bradford Dillman.)
The Magnificent Seven. Director John Sturges. (Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach, Horst Buchholz.)
Strangers On A Train. Director Alfred Hitchcock. (Farley Granger, Ruth Roman, Robert Walker.)
Operation Eichmann. Director R. G. Springsteen. (Werner Klemperer, Ruta Lee.)
Hell To Eternity. Director Philip Karlson. (Jeffrey Hunter, Richard Eyer, Vic Damone.)

Whah drag muh through th' ma'ah?

AS I HAVE NEITHER READ NOR SEEN the novels and the play by Mr. William Faulkner on which *Sanctuary* is based, it would, I suppose, be fair to assume that not he but his adaptor, Mr. James Poe the scriptwriter, is responsible for all the corn—on and off the cob—with which the film is stuffed. And yet, I don't know. The theme—sex in the Deep South—is certainly Mr. Faulkner's favourite, and maybe in his off-moments he is capable of churning out a line like "Whah did you wanna drag muh through th' ma'ah ah put behahnd muh six years ago?"

It is Miss Lee Remick who, in a voice with the cutting edge of a



Eli Wallach (centre) as the bandit leader in *The Magnificent Seven*

buzz-saw, asks this very good question—to which there appears to be no very good answer, unless, possibly, it's that Mr. Faulkner enjoys mire for mire's sake and expects us to do likewise.

A teasing chit of the late 1920s, Miss Remick—as she relates in flashback—was raped by a bootlegger, M. Yves Montand, and installed by him as his mistress in a New Orleans brothel. Her father, the State Governor (Mr. Howard St. John), to whom she is telling this squalid tale, is shocked to learn that she loved every minute of her degradation. "It wuz a noo life—gin for breakfast!" breathes Miss Remick rapturously. When M. Montand was assumed to have died in a car crash, Miss Remick returned home to a less exotic morning diet—the scandal was washed up and she married Mr. Bradford Dillman, by whom she had two children.

Miss Remick could have lived happily ever after if (a) she had not engaged as a nannie the drug-addicted Negress, Odetta, who was tied to her in the brothel, and (b) M. Montand had not turned up again. To prevent her from ruining her life by running off with the bootlegger, Odetta strangled Miss Remick's younger child. The Negress awaits execution—and Miss Remick pleads for a reprieve.

The Governor is adamant: the Negress must die. Odetta, who has a certain placid nobility, faces death calmly—and Miss Remick goes off

reluctantly to face life. And I fumble my way out of the murk wondering why on earth our talented Mr. Tony Richardson bothered to direct this dreary film.

Following, at a considerable distance, the story-line of that blood-drenched Japanese classic, *Seven Samurai*, *The Magnificent Seven* is an intelligent and well-made Western in the new style which allows a touch of psychology to colour the old-fashioned, black-and-white morals of the genre.

The timid inhabitants of a small Mexican village hire seven professional gunmen, headed by Mr. Yul Brynner, to protect them against the onslaughts of a marauding gang of bandits, led by Mr. Eli Wallach, who for years have terrorized them and robbed them of their crops. United in a good cause, the gunmen, hitherto all lone wolves, become a dedicated pack and do a splendid job—routing the cut-throats in their first clash.

The villagers are overjoyed, believing that now they will be able to live in peace—but when Mr. Brynner assures them that the bandits will return and insists on arming them and teaching them to defend themselves, some of the more cowardly go sour on him. To avoid further fighting, they betray the gunmen to the enemy. Mr. Wallach, reckoning that this betrayal will cure them of wanting to help the base peasants, allows the gunmen to ride away scot-free.

This is his mistake—for Mr. Brynner's gallant mob are determined to carry out the work they were hired to do. Back they come by night and take the bandits by surprise—and so the villagers are liberated in spite of themselves. It's a well-acted, finely photographed film and the dialogue is unusually good.

Apart from the fact that it is a welcome reminder of what an admirable craftsman Mr. Alfred Hitchcock used to be (and after *Psycho* one is inclined to forget), *Strangers On A Train*, made 10 years ago, is a first-class thriller with an ingenious story that very nearly bears the closest examination. There is a remarkably compelling performance by the late Mr. Robert Walker as a rich and decidedly odd young man whom Mr. Farley Granger meets by chance on a train journey.

In the course of conversation it transpires that Mr. Walker has a father he hates and that Mr. Granger has a faithless wife who won't give him a divorce. Beguilingly, Mr. Walker volunteers to murder Mr. Granger's wife: he assumes, as a matter of course, that Mr. Granger will do him a similar service and rid him of his old man. Mr. Granger takes this to be some sort of joke—but it's no laughing matter at all for him when Mr. Walker goes ahead with his part of the "bargain." All Mr. Hitchcock's old wizardry is brought to bear on the building-up of tension and the film's climax—a fight under the plunging hooves of the horses on a roundabout run amok—is properly hair-raising.

Operation Eichmann is a shoddy, third-rate film which purports to tell "the story of the greatest manhunt of our time"—and is, in fact, trying in the most despicable way to cash in on the Eichmann trial. I consider it scandalous that this odious piece of fiction (which ends in pure absurdity) should be shown at this moment.

Hell To Eternity is hell and seems to go on to eternity. Its "hero," a liar and a lecher, is just not my type.

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES ON BOOKS

Better Than Working, by Patrick Skene Catling. (Faber, 18s.)

Are You Hungry, Are You Cold?, by Ludwig Bemelmans. (Deutsch, 15s.)

The Scandalous Regent, by W. H. Lewis. (Deutsch, 21s.)

The Seven Ages Of Woman, by Elizabeth Parker. (Darton, Longman, Todd, 30s.)

John Betjeman, by D. Stanford. (Neville Spearman, 16s.)

Night Run, by Elizabeth Fenwick. (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.)

Imaginary Toys, by Julian Mitchell (New Authors, 16s.)

Homer, by Gabriel Germain. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 6s.)

Mr. Catling sees it through

EVERY NOW AND THEN A JOURNALIST gets tired of providing words in which to wrap up the fish & chips, and boldly commits his memoirs to hard covers. Patrick Skene Catling, who began as a reporter for the *Baltimore Sun*, has just taken the plunge with **Better Than Working** and not since Claud Cockburn's dizzying life story has anyone's life and times in this peculiar trade made me laugh so much.

Mr. Catling is British by birth and now lives and works (or better-thans) in London. Before this happy event he was briefly and miserably a crime reporter, went to Hollywood to write a book about Jane Russell (her P.R. man claimed that by the end of his Russell campaign the public was so conditioned that "they couldn't see anything round—doughnuts, cymbals, smoke rings, melons—without reacting: 'Jane Russell.' It was the greatest"), visited the

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L A N C Ô M E

Eskimos and the U.S.A.F. in Thule, covered the Korean war, and attended his first revolution in Guatemala.

Patrick O'Donovan of the *Observer* boils and bubbles on many of the pages, a wild Don Quixote to Mr. Catling's reflective Sancho Panza. The joy of the book lies not only in the frenzied extravagance of many of the episodes but also in Mr. Catling's pruned and easily elegant style and a wit that provokes laughter but does not wound.

Mr. Ludwig Bemelmans seems to me an enigmatic writer indeed. You think you have him all tied up as a shiny bitter-sweet high-life stylist, the witty fellow who immortalized Madeline and her appendix scar, then something quite savage pops out without the slightest warning. **Are You Hungry Are You Cold?** a vintage Bemelmans title if ever there was one, is the question put by a ferocious French colonel to his rebellious son ("It was the only time Papa had ever voiced any concern for him.") This freezing, sharp-toothed novel is about a violent, warped and loveless relationship between a father and his two neglected children.

The scene is France and Occupied Germany, and the narrator is the family's unbiddable and lawless young daughter. The early chapters about her earliest childhood, spent wild in the company of nursemaids, soldiers and animals, are remarkable and smell like hot summer. It's an odd book, unhappy and from time to time melodramatic, but makes the sound of first-hand experience.

The Scandalous Regent by W. H. Lewis—jazzy title, jazzier jacket—turns out to be a tremendously entertaining, gossipy and sympathetic account of the life of Philippe, Duc D'Orléans, nephew of Louis XIV, Regent of France, friend of Saint-Simon, and a cultivated, dissipated, amiable man not unlike Charles II. What comes over strongly is the extraordinary vigour of people who managed to survive the messy, insanely extravagant, bored, scheming, corrupted anti-hill, the expensive squalor that was life at Court. Mr. Lewis makes no attempt to clean up the Regent, but likes him and indeed it's hard not to. When at 49, purple in the face, apopleptic and fuzzy in the head, he finally died, his favourite dog snatched and gobbled up his master's heart at the post-mortem, a savage incident that somehow comes as no surprise at all after what had gone before.

Briefly: The Seven Ages Of Woman by an American woman doctor Elizabeth Parker is a vast tome describing the functioning of the female body, with some pretty fancy chapter headings (Mishaps Along the Way, The Little People, Femininity Unfolds, The Challenge, and, could you doubt it, The

Miracle of Birth). It is all perfectly sensible, but Dr. Parker is upsettingly apt to stir up the clinical and the cosily chatty ("There is music in the woods, in the waves, in the fields, in the quietude of eventide") into one pudding. . . . Derek Stanford's **John Betjeman** is an elementary textbook, of slightly depressing obviousness, on the work of a highly complex man who will no doubt come in for fuller documentation later. It contains some jolly early snaps, a terrifying line-drawing by the poet captioned "And Don't Pick Your Nose," and a haunting photograph, indescribably ominous, of Mr. Betjeman's blind teddy-bear Archie outside the Folkestone Baptist Chapel. . . . **Night Run** by Elizabeth Fenwick is a swift, clinging little American nightmare about mother's-boy Waldon who has serious problems and is going violently dotty in his gentle quiet way. . . . Julian Mitchell's **Imaginary Toys** is the sort of novel about Oxford that makes one understand why people settle for Cambridge. There are four narrators with a good deal of anxiety about their love-lives, and one of them writes stream-of-consciousness letters (I take them to be letters, since they are chapter-headed "undated") with no paragraphing or full-stops . . . and **Homer** by Gabriel Germain is an Evergreen Profile Book of the prettiest possible design, lively and informal and illustrated most thoroughly with pictures of people and landscapes that had to do with the Iliad and the Odyssey. For the money, a bouncing, spry bargain.



On Tour, by the Dutch Swing College

A Golden Treasury Of Bilk, by Acker Bilk

Meet The Gents, by Dick Charlesworth

This Is Jazz, Vol. 2, by Ken Colyer

The Five Of Us, by the Jazz Five

A Guy Called Joe, by Joe Harriott

A feast of festivals

DESPITE THE INAUSPICIOUS reception accorded last year's NEWPORT Jazz Festival, America's top outing for stars and fans alike, when riots afflicted the town on the second night, Europe seems to be sold on the idea that these affairs can be staged without civil or musical commotion. BEAULIEU, beset last year by teenage idioecy, is closing its doors this year to the

boys and girls who want to buy tickets at the gate, thereby hoping to eliminate the hooligans who spoil so much good jazz for the sake of exposing their own disgusting egos.

One thing seems definite, that there will be no Newport this year, and that most other festival grounds in the United States will be pruning their budgets, if indeed they promote their festivals at all. Their problems are largely financial, coupled with the gold-digging attitude of certain American agents, who insist on touring bands in the same zone for several days at a time, and only let their stars out on condition that other acts are booked on the same programme.

Scanning the list of Europe's jazz festivals, of which only one is apparently allied to the other arts, it would seem that several are worthy of serious attention. Chronologically, BATH presents eight evenings of jazz in June, centred round Acker Bilk, Dill Jones, two evenings of "Jazz from the Marquee," Johnny Dankworth, and two dancing evenings.

A traditional Northern bean-feast, interspersed with popular artists (I think this means rock 'n' roll) will be held in BLACKPOOL in the same month, and later that month the quiet little New Forest town of RINGWOOD plans to present two nights of Bilk, Kenny Ball, Dankworth, Joe Harriott, Clyde Valley Stompers and Alex Welsh.

The high spot should be at ANTIBES, on the Côte d'Azur. From the middle of July they propose to offer such talent as Count Basie, Ray Charles, and other international groups for a full week, and have taken the title of the European Jazz Festival. No sooner will the heat have cooled at ANTIBES than it will be on at BEAULIEU (the Hampshire version, of course), where Anita O'Day is to top the bill with Dankworth, Chris Barber, Dick Charlesworth, Joe Harriott, Tubby Hayes, The Jazz Five, and a host of others. Simultaneously, the Belgians are planning something at COMBLAIN-LA-TOUR, near Liège, where Basie and others have been invited.

My first reaction to all these plans is that we are being far too conservative at home, admittedly tied to hidebound restrictions imposed by our own Musicians' Union. But why, amid the galaxy of "trad" talent we boast, can we not include a group of such merit as the Dutch Swing College (SBBL603). They swing so much more tidily than Acker Bilk (SCX3366) or Colyer (SCX3360), or the newcomers, Dick Charlesworth's City Gents (35-104). Our modernists seem to be in another class, if the Jazz Five's latest album is any measure of standards (TAP32). This and Joe Harriott's Quintet (SEG8070) provide first-class samples of what you can hear this summer, if you catch

one of these numerous festival presentations.

My other thoughts are that the Continental organizers are being even more conservative in their American bookings, where our own festivals cannot compete. It may be too expensive to book the major imported talent, but what about inviting some of the young stars who are nosing their way into the American scene?

Festival dates

MAY: 19—22 *Berlin*

JUNE: 1—10 *Bath*

2—4 *Blackpool*

17—18 *Ringwood*

JULY: 15—23 *Antibes*

29 & 30 *Beaulieu*

29 & 30 *Comblain-la-Tour*



Raymond Moretti, Biggins Gallery
Paul Nash, Redfern Gallery

Keep it simple, Signor!

BY CHANCE I SAW THE TONY HANCOCK film *The Rebel* the night before I went to the champagne-lubricated private view of Raymond Moretti's exhibition. So perhaps it was understandable, if not excusable, that when Moretti appeared, immaculately dressed and cigarette in hand, his image merged momentarily with that of "artist" Hancock at his Paris exhibition.

I hasten to make it plain that so far as I am aware any resemblance between Moretti and Hancock (in or out of the film) is not merely coincidental, it's impossible.

To begin with, Moretti certainly paints his own pictures and they are not like anybody else's. And, far from being a "naïf," he is both highly professional and highly sophisticated.

The son of working-class Italian parents, he has lived all his life in Nice, where he is now very popular and where a local newspaperman has called him "the Michelangelo of Nice" and Picasso has referred to him as "my natural successor."

That sort of thing is lapped up by gossip columnists, but art critics are inclined to run a mile from it. I went to his exhibition in the first place only at the invitation of a mutual friend. But that I am writing about it is entirely due to

Almost anything you set your eyes on in our shop would make a most successful present: china, glass, soft furnishings, antiques, as well as all the gifts filling our ground floor. Case in point: claret jug in luminous Edinburgh crystal, £5.15.0



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the fact that I can see Moretti has great talent. And I hate to see talent wasted.

I cannot pretend that there are many pictures in the exhibition that I like, but there are quite a number that I can admire for one reason or another. The best—notably two outsize impressions of Duke Ellington—are painted in a cubist (with a small “c”) manner in which strong colour is handled boldly and simply.

But too often the boldness and simplicity are destroyed by the superimposition of superfluous calligraphic lines—fine, too-clean lines painted apparently with a number “0” sable and often with the aid of a straight-edge.

When he resists the temptation to elaborate in this way the results are far superior. This is clearly shown in a series of four small paintings of an imaginary skyscraper city. In each, the lower half is a pleasing abstraction of slabs of rich colour, the top half is of white and grey towers against a sky.

By adding fine, incised lines to delineate the “skyscrapers” one of these canvases is reduced to the level of an architect’s drawing. Another, left at the painting stage, is brilliantly successful.

At risk, then, of spoiling a friendship almost before it has begun my advice to M. Moretti is, “Throw

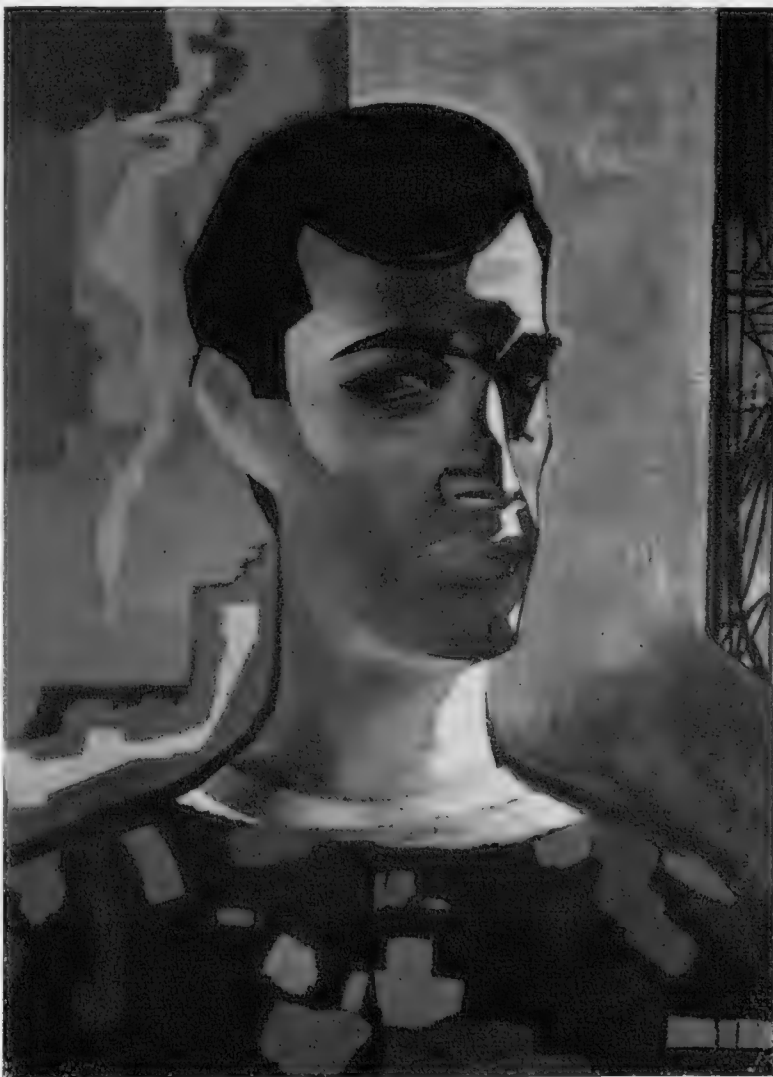
away those fine brushes. Paint in your boldest manner and then leave well alone.”

The Paul Nash exhibition has attracted a lot of critical attention and great stress has been laid upon the fact that his reputation among artists and experts was never accompanied by popularity.

This is not surprising. Paul Nash had a sharp, clear intellect which is 100 per cent evident in everything he did. Sir David Eccles, in a foreword to the exhibition catalogue, speaks glowingly of Nash’s “Englishness.” He is right, of course, but it is the “Englishness” of the truism that we are a cold people. And though we may admit our coldness to ourselves we do not like to be told of it by others.

Much of Nash’s work leaves me cold. Though I may admire his intellect and skill he is, I feel, more remote from me than the men who, hundreds of years ago, painted those silk screens in the Korean Art Treasures exhibition. This, I realize, may well be a defect in me. Indeed when I read Sir David’s words I am afraid it may be something much more heinous—a lack of patriotism. For he says:

“... I also love Paul’s Englishness. . . . I want English artists to express native feelings just as I want the House of Commons to remain true to its traditions. . . .”



Detail of a self-portrait by Raymond Moretti

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DINING IN

A boost for home cooking

Helen Burke

IF ANYONE WANTS TO DO A LITTLE private propaganda for our own good food with visitors from abroad, now is the time to start with spring lamb. This past fortnight in Normandy, almost on the edge of Brittany, I was impelled to taste *pré-salé* lamb. I did so on several occasions and, while I must admit that it was perfectly cooked, I could not agree that it was anywhere nearly as good as our own. On our return I planned to give an American friend meat that I considered to be miles ahead of what we had been receiving in France.

First I asked my butcher to cut me several thick lamb chops. I grilled them on each side, beginning at a high heat to seal each surface, then lowering it to complete the cooking. It was only after each side had been seized by the heat that I seasoned them.

We in this country grill food well but are inclined to overcook it. Grilled lamb, for me, should be

pink all the way through—not raw. Neither should it be grey, which means overdone. This also goes for roast lamb. Do, please, try not to overdo it.

Readers of these notes will easily guess what the next cut of meat was—the *contre-filet* (top of the sirloin) of prime Angus beef. (Some butchers refer to it as the *entre-côte*.) Since I recently wrote of this cut, I need not go into the cooking of it except to say that a nice crisp “crust” was achieved by sprinkling the meat with a little flour (no fat, please) starting it at a very high heat (475 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 9) then, after the surface was browned, reducing the temperature to 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4.

Time? For a piece of about 1½ to 2 lb., an hour in all for really underdone meat, because the cut is not a thick one; for medium “done” beef, add, say, another 15 minutes. And, for those who prefer overcooked

meat, 1½ hours—which would be a pity.

For a fine clear gravy, add a thickly sliced onion to the pan in the first place and bake the meat on it. After the temperature has been lowered, add a little red or white wine to the tin. Do not overdo it, especially red wine, for it may discolour the gravy.

Next, as there will be scarcely any fat to pour off, add a little of the water in which the potatoes were cooked, if they are new ones. Just now we are getting dear little ones from the Canary Islands. If you like caramelized potatoes, as the Danes do, drain them, then turn them into a frying-pan with a nice piece of butter and a sprinkling of sugar and shake them around.

And there you have a course so satisfying that, if you serve it to visitors from overseas, you will have done a good turn for our own good food.

With this dish I prefer to have, above all else, a salad. To make things as easy as possible restrict it to lettuce, which is now becoming very hearty.

Having washed and drained the lettuce, dress it with the following: Sprinkle a little salt and freshly milled pepper and, if liked, dry mustard into the salad bowl.

Gradually work into them 3 to 4 tablespoons of olive oil and thin this down with mild vinegar—I prefer cider vinegar to some of the wine ones on sale, which are harsh and acrid to the palate. If you have worked the oil and seasonings carefully together, the mixture will not separate but will be almost emulsified. Toss the lettuce in this dressing—but only at the last minute.

If you do not like olive oil—and many do not, though I cannot understand why—use corn or peanut (arachide) oil instead.

The salad bowl can be rubbed with a cut clove of garlic in the first place, but this is not essential. Not even all French folk like garlic. Indeed, though I was in the heart of the country in Normandy, I did not once detect garlic in my food. Frankly, when food is of high quality, it is a pity to “debase” it with garlic. Add it, by all means, to dishes from the far south of France, but here it is not needed. Still, please yourself.

For a change, you might like to add a mixture of finely chopped chives, lovage and parsley to the salad, turning them over and over in it. This is probably not everyone's choice but it is liked by many.

MAN'S WORLD

Enter the co-ordinates

David Morton

THE MAIN TRENDS IN MODERN tailoring—to lighter lightweights, more colourful cloths and softer, easy-to-wear casual styles—are now so firmly established that I find it mildly surprising nobody till now has come up with a range combining the best features of all three. Simpsons of Piccadilly are the first in the field with a recent showing of spring clothes for men which featured co-ordinated jackets and trousers. The jackets are in muted stripes and checks, the trousers are in plain complementary colours but with a small admixture of the colour that is strongest in the jacket. At first sight the trouser may look just plain dark grey, but when it is looked at closely these fine pin-points of pure colour can be seen. The result is a complete harmony between jacket and trouser that would be impossible to produce in any other way.

The jacket and trouser combination—Simpsons call them DAKS Doubles—form, in effect, a suit. Some men might wear them to work in less formal offices, but they really come into their own at weekends and would be perfect for travelling. Though designed to be worn

together, either jacket or trousers could be teamed with clothes already in your wardrobe. Simpsons are prepared to sell jacket and trousers separately, but this seems to be a waste of a good idea, and as they are brought out on the same hanger I think most men would decide not to split the pair. The Doubles are made in two weights, medium and light, but either could be worn in any season without discomfort. The lighter weight is 67 per cent Terylene and worsted mixed, in three choices of muted stripe—bronze, blue-grey and green. The jacket costs £16 10s. and the trousers £8 10s., so that the co-ordinated suit costs £25 altogether. The heavier weight, wool tweed jacket and worsted trousers, costs £14 10s. for the jacket and £8 10s. for the trousers, or £23 together; rather more variety of pattern is available here, all pleasing in style and colour.

While I was at Simpsons I asked about the origin of the DAKS trade name; it seems that it comes from “designed by Alexander Keith Simpson,” who invented the self-supporting trouser in 1932. The fastening has been widely copied

since then and the name has now come to include all the clothes made by Simpsons, and no longer refers exclusively to trousers. At the show of spring clothes I saw *Chepstow*, a topcoat in tweed houndstooth for £30; *Oakham*, a lightweight suit in Italian silk for £35 and *Westbury*, a dinner suit in 8-oz. mohair and worsted for £32. All bear the DAKS label but even with this choice, many men still associate the name with trousers, and not without reason. The trousers come in four styles and a wealth of weights and shades; the classics are just what the name suggests, *Pelhams* are sleek and tapered, *Chilterns* have cross pockets, raised seams and a tapered leg, and *Plain Fronts* are slimmed down without pleats. All have turnups, but if you prefer trousers without a cuff, these could be removed. DAKS Blazers are still firm favourites, made in navy worsted or hopsack; £12 single breasted and £13 double breasted in the worsted—£2 extra in each case for hopsack. The single breasted style, with patch pockets, one vent and three buttons is the most popular at the moment.

Notable at the Simpsons show was the use of light, luxurious cloths—silk, mohair, cashmere and vicuna. Most expensive garment was a pure vicuna coat with a mink collar, £195, but for the most part prices are reasonable indeed. Another feature of the new DAKS suit stylings was a streamlined version of the double breasted town

suit, with narrower lapels. There are some interesting imports too—Scandinavian raincoats, Italian and American beachwear, including some knitted cardigans.

SIDNEY HARRIS



In these lightweight Terylene & worsted co-ordinates by Simpsons, the plain trousers pick up the dominant colour of the striped jacket. Three styles. Prices: jacket, £16 10s., trousers, £8 10s.

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T.12

GOING PLACES TO EAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 206

Jermyn Street and the Royal Court Theatre Club.

It has been said that the great personalities of the restaurant world disappeared with the Second World War. I do not agree: it is merely that they have changed in type. London life is surely made the brighter by such good companions as Bernard Walsh of Wheeler's, Geoffrey Russell-Hay of Overtons, Madame Prunier, Niki of Chez Luba, Luigi, translated

The difficulty facing the writer on dining out today is that there are so many restaurants, and new ones opening every week. Inevitably some of them are, for a variety of reasons, bad or poor value for money. Towards them there can be one policy only. Silence. But the fact that one has not written about a restaurant does not mean that they are in that category. I have a list of more than 20 which I want to visit as soon as I can, and some of which I know from expert report are good.

One of them belongs to an old friend of wartime days, who looks

CHARLES WORMALD




Dining-room Chez Luba and (top) the Carvery at the Regent Palace

from late nights at the Savoy Grill to earlier nights at Claridges, his one-time lieutenant Luigi Pellosi, now at the Berkeley Grill, Peter Herbert with his love of gardening at Gravetye and wealth of knowledge on wines at the Gore, Charles Bradshaw of the Trocadero, also Charles Massey at his chop-house, Maria at Chez Gaston, Charles and Lottie of Kyrenia at the Medici. What have largely disappeared are the imperial snobs with exquisite manners for their regular big-spending customers and a frosty arrogance towards the unknown.

at me with the expression of a wounded faun every time I meet him. Another factor is that only a strictly limited quantity of good food and wine can be appreciated properly in any one week. To blunt the palate is to destroy the power of criticism—and what remains of a waistline. And what of the really bad restaurants one has discovered? The list exists, but it is marked "Most Secret." Oddly enough, some very rich people seem to enjoy being insulted by arrogant *maitres d'hotel*. I do not.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 246



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GOING PLACES TO EAT
CONTINUED

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Recommended this week

Chelsea Grill, 312 King's Road, FLA 4483. C.S. George Groutaris, manager here, is something of a perfectionist over food. Prove the point by ordering *Scampi George* at 9s. 6d. and then *Pancakes Pralinée* at 9s.

The restaurant is smallish and pleasant with its comfortable banquettes. There is a remarkably wide menu, including 22 *entrées*, the same number of fish dishes, eight omelettes and eight ways of doing potatoes. When I was there last the licence was about to be confirmed. The prices in the wine list will be moderate, and will include a pleasant Cyprus white wine at 6s. 6d. for the half bottle.

The Beaufort Room, Liverpool Street Station. AVE 4363. C.S. In this comfortable, opulent room opulent City men eat opulent food. Much big business is done over its tables and well-chosen wines, but the ordinary passer-by can get a good meal there, and the chef is first-class at sauces. Allow about 17s. 6d. for the main course. It is essential to book for luncheon.

Wine note

"How can I learn more about wine?" is a question put to me quite often by younger people. A good method is to join the **Wine Mine Club**, run by Peter Dominic, Ltd. from their Horsham headquarters. The club arranges periodic tastings of various wines in their London cellar shop at 2 Orange Street, off Haymarket, and members of the staff there are ready and competent to answer questions. Quite apart from the fact that these tastings are great fun, a lot of knowledge can be picked up at them. The charge per tasting ranges from 15s. to 25s. and goes towards the cost of the wine you drink. At the last tasting, of 10 red Burgundies, I made a note of one that should suit a young man's palate and pocket. It was a Ropiteau Beaune-Villages 1957 at 11s. 9d. per bottle.

Seville to Granada

It's 160 miles from Seville to Granada. Allow 4½ hours for the journey and make your plans bearing in mind that there is no restaurant on the road, that the surface is poor, and the scenery lovely. Ideal place to stay in Granada is the **Parador San Francisco**, which is on top of the hill and part of the Alhambra Palace. One of the most delightful hotels in all Spain, a double room with bath costs 18s. per night for



PETER PITT

Front dining-room at Pruniers

two. Luncheon or dinner, plain but good, costs 10s. Five minutes away are the Generalife Gardens, the only completely Moorish public garden left in Europe. There is a good fish

restaurant in the town—**Los Mariscos**, Escudo del Carmen, where a meal costs about 7s. per head. Booking well ahead at the Parador is essential.

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MOTORING

Cars to fill the gap

Gordon Wilkins

THE NEXT FEW MONTHS WILL BRING an exciting selection of new cars to tempt buyers in the 1300-1500-c.c. class. For present conditions this is a practical size of car, often big enough inside to seat four people in real comfort and fast, too—some of the new models will do over 90 m.p.h. Yet it is small enough to nip through the traffic and park easily, and the running costs are not ruinous. After the Herald had grown up into the 1200-c.c. class, Fiat issued to the Italian press the first photographs of their new saloon with the choice of 1300- or 1500-c.c. engines. It has disc brakes (British) and will be announced officially next month.

Meanwhile the French press has already published details of the new 1350-c.c. Ford with four headlamps that is soon to come from Dagenham, to fill the gap between the Anglia and the Consul. I saw one in Paris some time ago—or at least a development of it. It looked handsome, with lines similar to those of Detroit's Ford Fairlane of 1960. Doubtless this is where eagle-eyed French reporters spotted it, and

I hear the reason was unusual.

It seems Henry Ford was so pleased with the prototypes when he saw them at Dagenham that he had one lent to his daughter immediately and she has been running it around Paris. Sounds like an odd way to keep industrial secrets!

Vauxhall have repeatedly denied any intention of producing a smaller car than the Victor but there are regular rumours of something like this under test, and I should not be surprised to find the firm taking an interest in the 1300-c.c. class. And of course we shall have the 1500-c.c. Volkswagen before the summer is over.

Yet it is odd that among the flow of new and interesting cars, the most successful car in Europe and one of the top three or four in the world is one that has been in production the longest—the original Volkswagen. Since I first drove a prototype in Berlin in 1939 the body line has remained unchanged and will continue unchanged in this series, but countless modifications

have maintained its attraction for succeeding generations of buyers and the 1961 model, which I have just been trying, is by far the best yet.

It has a new, more powerful engine, which gives four extra horsepower, and a new, stronger gearbox, with synchromesh on all four speeds. A change in the shape of the fuel tank has left room under the bonnet for a large suitcase. Indicator lamps are now fitted on the front wings, there is a wind-screen washer, and the carburettor has an automatic choke control, plus an ingenious warm-air device to prevent icing in bad weather. Inside, the usual excellent finish is enhanced by a hand grip and visor for the front passenger. But there is still no fuel gauge and VW persist in using that fluffy headlining, which soils so quickly. The driving seat, with its adjustable backrest, is exceptionally comfortable, and the gear change is first class. The steering is light and quick, and now has a damper to soak up road shocks. A big surprise is the silence of the new engine. The cooling fan once wailed like a siren, but the engine is now so quiet that a special device is fitted to prevent the driver switching the starter on by mistake when the engine is already running. Second gear now gives about 40 m.p.h. and third about 60, but there is much

less need for gear changing than there used to be, because the new engine is so flexible. Top is still like an overdrive, to permit easy cruising at anything up to the maximum speed, which is 70-72 m.p.h., but the VW will now pull away smoothly in top from speeds as low as 20 m.p.h. without juddering and protests from the engine. And incidentally, though the compression ratio has been raised, the engine still seems happy on normal grade fuel.

In its handling, the VW is still an oversteerer. Recent improvements to the suspension have made a great difference, and on dry roads one can corner faster than most owners will ever wish to try, without the tail starting to swing. But on wet surfaces the extra power makes it possible to start the tail twitching at lower speeds, so that one has to ease it into corners with a light hand. It also remains sensitive to strong side winds, like all rear-engined cars. But there is no doubt of its charm and the real refinement now built into it.

Just to go on improving and developing one basic design for 20 years or so—it seems such a simple recipe for producing a world-beater that it is surprising no one else has done it since Henry Ford's day.

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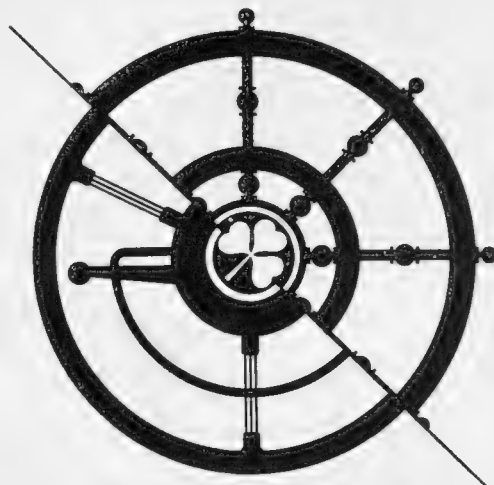
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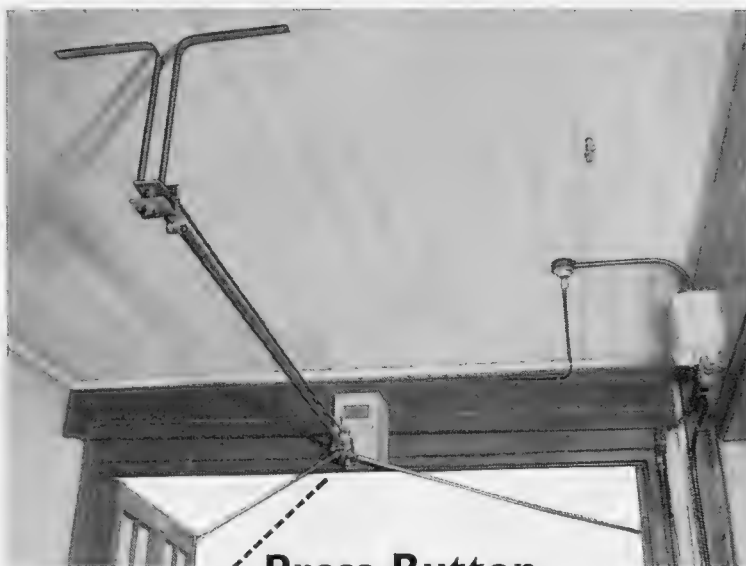
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The engagement is announced between Edmund Ashley, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Horne, of 83 Jersey Road, Hounslow, and Angela Margaret, daughter of Mr. H. J. Hill, of Thatched House, Knott Park, Oxshott, and the late Mrs. J. F. Hill.

Mr. P. J. Thomas and Miss P. A. McCormack

The engagement is announced between Patrick, son of Major and Mrs. J. W. Thomas, of Rodney Place, Bristol, 8, and Patricia, daughter of the late Dr. P. J. McCormack and Mrs. Mary McCormack, of Elton House, Clifton, Bristol.

Mr. J. C. Massey and Miss J. A. M. Raspin

The engagement is announced between Crawford, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Massey, 12 Somerton Park, Belfast, and Judith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Raspin, Orchard Cottage, Birstwith, near Harrogate, Yorks.

Mr. P. J. Smalley and Miss H. C. Allwood

The engagement is announced between Peter John, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Smalley, Rivington Beacon Gardens, Crowborough, Sussex, and Harriet Catherine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Allwood, Carolina, Beacon Road, Crowborough, Sussex.

Mr. D. A. Woodward and Miss C. M. Saunders

The engagement is announced between David Allan, second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Woodward, of Dorchester, Dorset, and Catherine Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Saunders, of North Harrow.

Mr. S. E. H. Clarke and Miss E. A. Hicks Beach

The engagement is announced between Simon, son of Mr. Thomas G. Clarke, D.S.C., of Richmond Court, Sloane Street, and Mrs. C. T. Miller, of Wellesley House, Sloane Square, and Elizabeth, elder daughter of Major W. W. Hicks Beach, T.D., M.P., and Mrs. Hicks Beach, of Witcombe Park, near Gloucester.

Mr. J. G. K. Borrett and Miss C. A. Herron

The engagement is announced between Kingsley, son of Captain Jack T. Borrett, O.B.E., R.N., and Mrs. Borrett, of 8 Palace Road, Kingston-upon-Thames, and Caroline Ann, daughter of the late Mr. K. P. Herron and of Mrs. Herron, of Barnfield, Cowfold, Sussex.

Mr. G. L. B. Mundell and Miss K. A. Carington Smith

The engagement is announced between George Leonard Blake, son of the late Major J. B. Mundell and of Mrs. G. U. Mundell, Dalchonzie, Comrie, Perthshire, and Katherine Ann, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. G. N. Carington Smith, Westburn, Dunning, Perthshire.

Mr. D. C. E. Ridgeon and Miss J. E. Starling

The engagement is announced between David Cyril Elliot, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Elliot Ridgeon, Latham House, Trumpington Road, Cambridge, and Jill Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis G. Starling, Park House, Watlington, Norfolk.

Mr. S. S. Robinson and Miss C. M. Greenacre

A marriage has been arranged and will take place in the United States in July, between Samuel Sachs, son of Professor C. A. Robinson, Jr., of Brown University, and 12 Keene Street, Providence, Rhode Island, and Mrs. C. A. Robinson, and Catherine Morfydd, younger daughter of Brigadier W. D. C. Greenacre, C.B., D.S.O., M.V.O., and Mrs. Greenacre, of Rendham Barnes, Saxmundham, Suffolk.

Mr. G. T. M. Shorter and Miss C. E. S. Stopford Adams

The engagement is announced between Gervase, youngest son of the late Mr. Alan W. Shorter and Mrs. Shorter, of The Limes, Stowmarket, Suffolk, and Charmian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stopford Adams, of Ansty Hall, near Coventry, Warwickshire.

Captain R. T. F. Sibson and Miss J. Langlands

The engagement is announced between Captain Rex T. F. Sibson, of Hamilton, Bermuda, and Judy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Langlands, of South Winds, Dennis Lane, Stanmore.

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A. V. SWAEBE



Foster — Barford: Gay, eldest daughter of Mr. Peter Foster, Q.C., & Mrs. Foster, of Cadogan Gardens, S.W.1, was married to Clive, son of Mr. Edward Barford, of Rowney Priory, Ware, Hertfordshire, and of the Hon. Mrs. Buckmaster, of Eresby House, Rutland Gate, S.W.7, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Weddings



Grantham — Nevill: Caroline Jane, younger daughter of Admiral Sir Guy Grantham, Governor and C-in-C. of Malta, & Lady Grantham, of Stanleys, Liss, Hampshire, was married to Mr. Cosmas Guy Richard Nevill, Royal Fusiliers, only son of Major-Gen. & Mrs. C. A. R. Nevill, of Holt, Edwardstone, Suffolk, at Liss parish church

Barclay—Cecil: Annette, elder daughter of the late Mr. R. E. Barclay and Mrs. Barclay, of Bury Hill, Logmore Lane, Dorking, Surrey, was married to Comdr. Oswald Nigel Amherst Cecil, R.N., only son of Comdr. the Hon. Henry Cecil, R.N. (Retd.), & the Hon. Mrs. Cecil, of Bishop's Waltham, Hampshire, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

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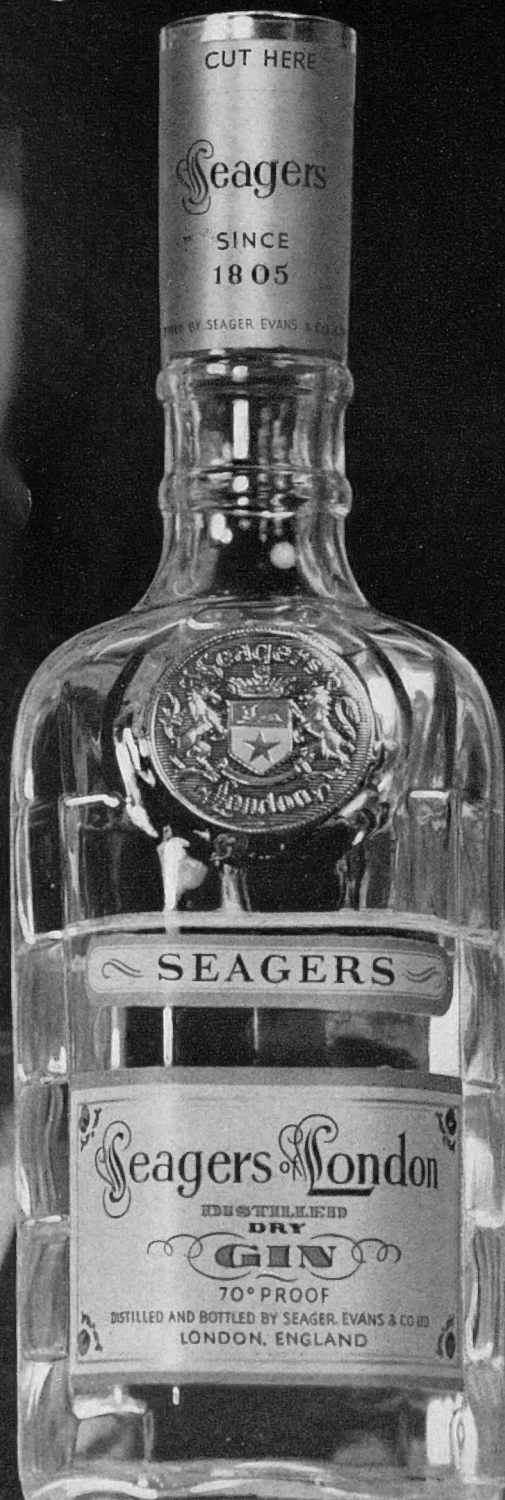
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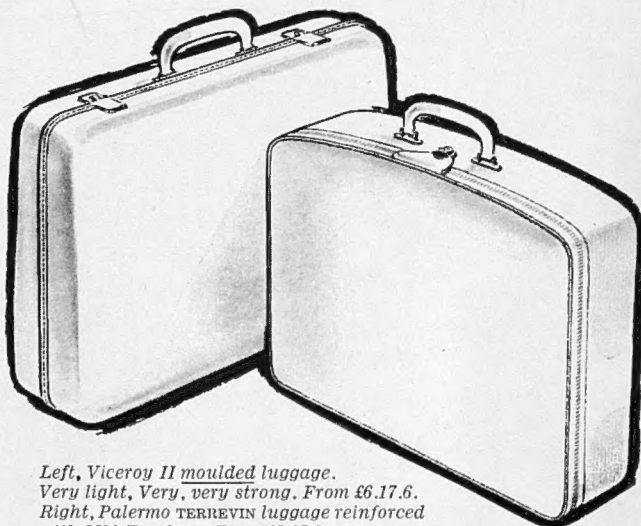
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